THE UNFULFILLED COMMISSION

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REV. J. STILWELL
INDIA

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THE

UNFULFILLED COMMISSION:

A TALE OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN INDIA

BY

J. R. STILWELL,

SAMULCOTTA, INDIA.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE author of the following story, of missionary life and death, did not send any preface with his manuscript. Probably he thought that none was needed. The successive chapters tell their own tale and unfold their own motive. Mr. Stilwell himself is well known, to at least the Baptists of Canada, as one of the ablest and most devoted of the noble band of missionaries who are laboring among the Telugus, under the direction of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. The following statements, taken in substance from a private letter which accompanied the MSS., will supply whatever is necessary by way of introduction:

1. The story is an attempt to give an idea of what is really needed to fulfil Christ's Commission, which it assumes is still binding.

2. No particular missionary policy is advocated in the story. Its one idea is embraced in the question, What must we do to fulfil the Commission?

3. It will be observed that the story closes with the death of the missionary, leaving several characters—such as Dr. Rama Rao, Mr. Sabbarao the official, Sangari the converted Hindu, the old conservative Brahman, Mr. Venkata Krishnaya, and the Hindu widow, still undeveloped. Mr. Stilwell says: "The story may be considered complete, or incomplete, according to the success it meets with. If anything more in this line of writing can accomplish anything for Christ, the present story may be continued in another volume, after a reasonable time.

4. Mr. Stilwell adds: "Having, therefore, written so much because it was incumbent on me to do so; because I am under loyal obligation to Christ to do anything and everything coming within my ability to advance His cause and establish His kingdom, I now send it forth, trusting that He who prompted me to write will also bless what has been written."

CONTENTS.

Chap.	I.	The Commission	Page	1
"	II.	The Arrival	"	8
"	III.	Life in Seripatnam	"	16
"	IV.	Moving	"	23
"	V.	In Ellapatnam	"	30
"	VI.	Seetamma	"	39
"	VII.	The Return	"	48
"	VIII.	Work in Ellapatnam	"	54
"	IX.	Dr. Rama Rao	"	66
"	X	Dr. Rama Rao's Welcome	"	72
"	XI.	Converging	"	80
"	XII.	The Break	"	87
"	XIII.	Another Break	"	97
"	XIV.	Nearing the End	"	106
"	XV.	The End	"	119

THE UNFULFILLED COMMISSION.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMMISSION.

OUR story opens on a hot August evening in 188— The opening scene is in M——, a Canadian town of some considerable importance. Clifton Graham, missionary elect to the Telugus in India, speaks that evening prior to his departure for his field of labor. He has completed the programme given him by the committee, with the exception of M——, and accordingly his last words will be spoken there that evening. The account of his coming has preceded him, and more than the usual interest has been manifested in seeing and hearing the new missionary.

Wherever he has gone he has succeeded in awakening a good many indifferent workers, and adding fire to the zeal of a good many more. He has had a single message which he has pressed upon the people with such earnestness and importunity that it has gained a consideration. To many it has been startling, strange, incredible almost, so much so that it has been discussed not a little.

The people in M—— were deeply interested in the Foreign work, and therefore were keenly sensitive to whatever might affect it in any way. In their Circles, Bands, and Monthly missionary prayer meetings, all had come to be fairly well informed as to the actual condition of things

in Foreign lands, and this knowledge had begotten increased interest. It was not unnatural therefore to await the appearance of a new worker with a good deal of expectation.

But the evening has come. The church is large, popular, and influential. The pastor, though still a young man, is one of the leading spirits in his denomination. As the hour approaches, the people assemble in the spacious and well appointed lecture room. They are not kept waiting, for at the appointed time the pastor and missionary appear upon the platform. We have very little to do with the missionary's personal appearance; it is rather with his message that we are concerned. The usual preliminary exercises over, the missionary is introduced to the audience.

He responds to the interest manifested, comes forward the moment he is announced, yet not without some tremor and momentary heart-sinking. The audience is large and manifestly sympathetic, but the subject is one of the most vital importance, and therefore supremely difficult of presentation. He had become possessed of the idea of fulfilling Christ's commission, but unless that idea were imparted to others, the fulfilment would not get beyond himself and therefore be no fulfilment. Others must be swept into the current, others must become possessed of the same idea, and to this end he had devoted every thought and faculty. His quick eye swept over the sea of upturned faces and searched for help. It was his last evening. By the morrow he must be miles distant on his journey. The thought guided him, nerved him, swept together his resources for a supreme effort.

He struck straight at the mark—no preliminary explanation—no personal reference—no circumlocution—his eye was single and his speech direct. No one could mistake his positions or avoid his conclusions. They were presented with an air of conviction that gave doubt no foothold. They were pressed with such earnestness, and made to assume such reality, that even the indifferent were fain to rouse themselves. He saw everything in a single light. Christ, the glorified Saviour, had commissioned a work to be done. No such commission had ever been given men

before, nor since, nor will such be given again. It was the completing, on man's part, of what had been unfolding in the councils of God from the eternities. It is startling, overwhelming! "*All authority hath been given Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you; and lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*"

He portrayed the time, the place, the Speaker and the hearers. He sketched briefly, but vividly, the circumstances leading up to the occasion. He spoke of the wonderful humiliation—the life of perfect obedience—the patient toil—the great life-surrender of Christ.

As a result He was crowned, gifted with power, and entitled to command. He had won His right over every heart and life, and called for complete submission. He had left us a command, yet He had graciously coupled with its performance the promise of His continued presence.

"But," he went on to say, "the promise could not be divorced from the command; the two condition one another, so that one cannot be claimed apart from submission to the other.

Yet this Royal Commission remains *unfulfilled.* It would appear that the disciples of the first generation grasped its meaning and attempted its fulfilment, with results that have never been equalled since. Had succeeding generations followed their example, we should not be compelled at this late day to lead a forlorn hope against the serried ranks of heathen millions. But this example was not followed, with the result that two-thirds of the world are without the knowledge of Christ.

This is a sad, humiliating, disgraceful confession; and all the deeper is the shame because it is so palpably evident. Could it but appear that the commission had been partially fulfilled—but no, there is no breaking off the ragged edges from this unwelcome truth. Make but the attempt, and a thousand millions of heathens rise up at once to witness against us. Their testimony would be one continued refrain, "unfulfilled," and could

it be voiced in all its terrible reality, that continued refrain, "unfulfilled," "*unfulfilled*," "UNFULFILLED," would crush us utterly. And yet this dumb cry is going up to heaven from teeming cities, from populous countries, from whole continents even, and the cry has been gathering in intensity, as it has broken its way through the centuries, until it has grown so importunate, so urgently pressing that we dare not disregard it longer.

Think of the privileges of the ages, inherited by this generation, and it becomes a very serious matter, this confession of disregard of the commission of the Lord Jesus. For there has been shown a positive disregard in this matter, inasmuch as—hear 'O Heavens, and give ear, O earth' to this appalling confession—that *not even the idea of fulfilling this commission has been entertained!* NOR IS IT SERIOUSLY ENTERTAINED TO-DAY!!

Verily, verily, it is not enough, those centuries of neglect—other centuries must be added to them! For it cannot be maintained for a moment that the Christian people of the present generation seriously entertain the idea of carrying out this Divine Commission—they have no intention of doing so. Think you, in that case, they would go about it so indifferently, and attempt it with such meagre means? Send *one* lone worker to half a million souls, and then pray—"Let Thy Kingdom come!" This is nigh unto mocking. Men of the world do not so act. When *they* plan any great enterprise, engineers forthwith get out the plans, estimate the cost, the time, and everything relating to it.

But mark the grand indifference to the sublimest ot undertakings. A son would plunge into it but the father restrains him—a daughter hears the voice but the mother drowns it—a brilliant young graduate offers, but his professors hold him back—a pastor offers, but we cannot spare him—the fever seizes the colleges, and the young men begin to pledge themselves, but an influential organ of the denomination cries out against it! And this for Christ! "Go," says the risen Christ, but Christians cry out, "Stay!" The commission is *not* being fulfilled. It is being reversed —read backward—acted backward. Tear off the

shimmering profession and what remains? Nineteenth century profession looks ill in the light of such disobedience and neglect; for no Christian can count himself out of this enterprise.

Christianity means, if it means anything, submission to Christ, so that unless we are ready to belie our profession we must confess that we are under *obligation* to act out His divine command. Is it a worldly obligation? Then men of the world who care for their good name, put time, fortune, talents, everything forward to clear themselves. Is this less important? It is inconceivably more important; while these centuries behind of awful neglect should so grieve and humiliate us, that we could and would have no peace until the reproach were cleared away.

We must lift this obligation, for also it is indeed an obligation—it is verily a command. A *command!* Write that word done to our shame—the love of Christ should have constrained us to respond to the cry of the perishing. An *unfulfilled* command! Alas, this should be the last indictment—it is heavy enough, crushingly heavy. But no, it is not the last nor the heaviest! Hardest, saddest of all is it, that very, very few have any serious intention of fulfilling this commission. Away with the thought! Up, up, men of God! We must lift this obligation, for what can our time mean if not given for this purpose? What can our wealth mean if not gathered for Christ? When Italy was struggling into liberty, men put their fortunes and lives into the struggle, and shall not we, saved by the blood of Christ,—shall we not, when a world is struggling into the light, consecrate all that we have? We must do it! God forbid that we should love our own better than Christ! That we should consider anything enough for him short of all that we have! That we should know leisure or rest or gladness until we can say this commission is fulfilled!

And it can be done. It is very possible—we can draw on the Commissioner to the full extent of our needs. For the Commission is prefaced with the announcement, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." Nay, it would not be a commission were it impossible. It can be

done. But it calls for vigorous measures. Our liabilities are heavy, but let the children of light learn from the children of this generation. What must be done? Cut down expenses, move out of our fine mansions, sell our costly things. You have a pastor, but can you afford such a luxury when myriads have never even once heard the gospel story? You have a splendid structure here, but can you afford it when whole provinces have not one? You have not drawn upon your resources, but can you refrain when liberality will open the windows of heaven? The liabilities are heavy—one thousand millions of perishing heathen for whom you are responsible to the full extent of your ability. One soul—a thousand—a million—a thousand millions—what a multitude crying to us! Fifty generations crowd the past—a perishing generation of one thousand millions fills the present—other generations loom up in the future. It is the dead march. Action must be taken at once. Send your pastor and support him abroad. Search for another and send him. Show some enthusiasm in the matter. Let the world see that Christianity means something more than self-interest. Away with earthly treasures; they are not for us.. And then pray the next ten years for the perishing abroad, for the workers that bear them the word of life—pray until a great yearning rises in your souls for them—until you can give your all—until you can give yourselves—until heaven's love is made known to the perishing in every land.

By the tender mercies and constraining love of God, and in the name of Him who made Himself poor for your sakes, and who gave this command, we press this His Commission upon every one here, from your pastor to the poorest and weakest member:

"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you, and lo I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."

Such in brief is an outline of the address; but the tone of conviction, the great earnestness, the intense concentration of every thought upon the theme, the one manifest

intention of clearly presenting and enforcing what was expected of every one, gained for the speaker what no eloquence could have done. But the speaker was eloquent in his intense earnestness and passionate yearnings for some response on the part of the hearers. Nor was it without result for there was a great heart searching, for the people in M—— though large contributors, could not conceal from themselves the fact that what they had given was the overflow of their abundance rather than any real share of their wealth, and what they would have given and done had they been seriously intent upon fulfilling the unfulfilled commission. But the idea that the young missionary travailed to bring to birth in his hearers was begotten, and it produced results at a later day.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL.

IT is now the first week in October, about two months later than the time described in our opening chapter. Clifton—we shall call him by his Christian name, after the manner of his acquaintances—had, after experiencing the usual comforts and discomforts of voyaging, reached India in due course of time, and landed at Seripatnam, a town on the Eastern coast between Madras and Calcutta. Here Mr. Willoughby, his wife and wife's sister, Miss Wylie, were stationed, having been sent out previously by the Society. Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby had been in the country fourteen years, having been home once on furlough, whereas Miss Wylie was a late arrival having been now about two years in the country, and was just beginning Zenana work in the town where her brother-in-law was stationed. Being a ready student, she had by this time acquired a fair working use of the language. There are many degrees of acquisition and it must not be supposed that Miss Wylie had in so short a time acquired a foreign tongue perfectly, for such acquisition is the result of years of labor. She was able to converse freely, express her ideas fairly well, and make herself generally understood. More than this comes later. Mr. Willoughby, however, spoke Telugu with the same ease, though not with the same finish, as he spoke English. His work was preaching the gospel in the town and surrounding districts. His field was very large, comprising about 500 villages, with a population bordering on half a

million souls. At the time of which we write there were about 500 Christians scattered over the field in about 50 villages. Many of these, fresh from heathenism, needed much care, more in fact than the missionary could give. There were helpers, but even these were dependent upon the missionary for instruction, for guidance, and inspiration. Besides this care of the churches, on every side pressed a mass of dense heathenism that made his soul sadder and sadder every day. Additional knowledge and insight brought increased care. The idolatry, ignorance, superstition and deadness were heart-breaking. He was much among these people, threaded their ways, visited their hamlets, and gathered them about him to speak the words of life.

Men, women, and children—what motley throngs they were that crowded around him. There were the children of the ages, the offspring of the centuries, wearing the robes of bygone times, pursuing the same occupations, following the same customs, and walking in the same paths trodden by their ancestors centuries before. Hard and fast was the demarcation line, and fate, stronger than God, had been too strong for them. Bound they were by shackles forged through the slow working of time, and they made no effort to break them. Custom was a heavy weight, caste a merciless tyrant, habit had become nature, heart had become dead, and conscience seared. "Sin"? No more common word in their language but it meant nothing. They had tampered and traded with it too long. "*Salvation?*" Yes, they understood that to mean a weary treadmill laboring upward, where a slip meant ages of degradation and attainment meant nothingness. They were born, they lived, they died. Misery at birth, in life, in death, in eternity, a weary succession, and still it moved on. A hundred generations had passed away before he had come. The present seemed to be slipping from him —they understood so slowly, but died so fast. Fourteen years since he first came—half the time of a generation almost—how many had passed away without hearing his message!

A great feeling of compassion and yearning would well up

in his heart for the dying people and he would speak hot, burning words of love telling them of salvation. But alas, they were almost too dead to understand their own state. But he spoke on and on, pressing the message upon them and startling their apathy with his terrible earnestness. He was much among the people, saw them at all seasons, learned to read their lives, to decipher the bleared faces, to understand their inconsistencies. Such a life was sad indeed, for it was passed amid such awful realities. No marvel that the missionary grew prematurely old. No marvel if the constant strain, the ever increasing burdens, the sense of inability to ever overtake the work slowly crushed out the life. But none except the missionary's wife could know the whole story, and she proved a true helpmate, aiding him materially in his work. Her cares were many and often trying. Frequently left alone, everything at the station devolved upon her, but no other could fill the place of the absent missionary so well.

As to Miss Wylie, a word will explain her coming. The ladies of their mission had shown particular Interest in the work and were desirous of having some worker and work peculiarly their own. It was upon the expression of this desire, and the inquiry whether anything of such a nature were practicable, that Miss Wylie came to be appointed to the work. Her coming had been a great boon to her sister, while her constant cheerfulness and brightness soon made her a large element in the life of the missionary home in Seripatnam. Though but two years in India, her figure had come to be a familiar one in every part of the town, for even while still stumbling over the first elements of the language she had very often accompanied her sister, but more frequently had gone alone with the Bible women.

There were other stations of the same society inland, but these will be mentioned in this narrative only as they may be connected with Clifton's work. At present he is an inmate of the Willoughby's home, and is expected to remain some time, as the language must be acquired before any work can be done.

Of course the Willoughbys were kept informed of all home events affecting the mission, and so knew in advance

something of Clifton's history and qualifications for the work. The Secretary of the Society had written very appreciatively of Clifton, so that Mr. Willoughby was prepared to find a capable worker in him. There were other letters giving other particulars, so that the young man had received a pretty fair introduction beforehand.

It may be well just here to inform the reader of a few particulars in Clifton's history, which will help materially to an understanding of what follows. He was now twenty-five years of age, and had had a liberal education. He had some private means of his own, sufficient for his own maintenance, so had not been forced to pursue his course gradually, as so many students for the ministry have to do. He was graduated from the University of his Province, and from the Theological school of his denomination regularly, and like his fellow-graduates had invitations to pastorates. But these he declined.

He had turned his attention to the foreign work early in his course, and had shaped his studies with that end in view. In his collegiate course, at a meeting of a society composed of the students of the college, he had read an essay upon Carey's life and work. What seemed to strike his attention most was Carey's study of the world's population, and he could not refrain from making a present survey, comparing the present with the past. Though a great move had been made, he saw that it came far short of attaining its end, for nations were still unevangelized, hundreds of millions had not yet heard the gospel. He found the people of heathen countries roughly estimated at one thousand millions, and reckoning a generation at thirty-three years, he shuddered at the thought that thirty millions must die every year. *Thirty millions* seemed an almost incalculable number. Twenty millions of these would be adults—what about them? Who cared to know their history, who asked about their fate? True, some six thousand missionaries had gone out to these perishing, a host in themselves, but nothing to so vast a people—one missionary to one hundred and fifty thousand heathen. Most of these, moreover, had been sent during the present generation—what then of the fifty

preceding generations? Had one after another gone down into black night? Had they all become lost in a darkness that would never lift? Fifty generations swept away—a present generation fast moving onward! But the commission flashed into his mind. What of that? Did Christ mean it to be literally fulfilled? He must have so meant it. But there were believers living during the fifty generations. What of them? The earlier ones were doubtless in earnest, but the later ones sat still, forgetful of the dark nations. There was apathy still, for it was painfully clear that the present generation of Christians were not thinking of themselves as under any particular obligation to Christ, or to the heathen, to carry the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth.

As he looked out upon the Christian world he could see here and there an earnest worker toiling with tongue and pen to arouse sleeping Christendom. Verily the few seemed a forlorn hope, and to human eyes it did not appear as though much result would follow. But Clifton saw with clearer eyes, and he counted himself henceforward as one of the chosen few. From that time this had been the ruling idea of his life, and had shaped his actions.

He bided his time of preparation, took advantage of his favorable circumstances, and gradually turned his studies more and more into the line of missions. His own people had a mission in India among the Telugus, a people on the Eastern Coast, inhabiting a stretch of country running north from Madras about 400 miles, and numbering from sixteen to eighteen millions. This settled his field of labor and also gradually narrowed his reading until he made India and its people a particular study. Thus he came to study that ancient language of the East, the sacred language of the Brahmins — Sanscrit — and, having some linguistic abilities, he worked up a thorough knowledge of this language and the works written in it. Accordingly, before setting foot on Indian soil, he knew something of the Indian Classics, the Vedas, the Mahabharatam and the Ramayana.

We have said nothing of his parents, for they died when he was a mere lad, so that he had grown up under the care of an uncle.

When he had completed his studies, he offered himself as a candidate for the Foreign work. As his intention was to support himself, his offer sought nothing from the Society beyond appointing him and deciding upon his field of labor. Thus he came before them, was appointed, sailed, and we find him at present living with the Willoughbys.

We may add a description of the mission bungalow. It was large enough to accommodate two families, if they were not of too large dimensions, there being five large rooms besides bath rooms and verandahs. The fifth room ran directly through the house, dividing the other rooms, giving two on one side and two on the other. The partitioning room further fell into two parts, separated by a large screen, one part serving as dining room, and the other as sitting or reception room. The bungalow had a flat roof which was reached by steps ascending from the outside of the building, and which served as a pleasant place for meditation or conversational quiet in the cool of the day, after the burning sun had sunk beneath the horizon. But the front verandah, facing the east, and therefore sheltered from the evening sun, more usually was the place of meeting after the day's work was over. Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby shared one pair of rooms while Clifton occupied one, and Miss Wylie the other upon the other side of the bungalow.

Clifton had landed early in October, rather a pleasant month when it doesn't rain, with the thermometer somewhere in the eighties. The "rains" which come on anywhere between the first and the twentieth had not yet set in. Thus Clifton upon landing was not confined at all hours within doors, as he would have been had the "rains" come on earlier, for when they set in, they persist in pouring down day and night, sometimes for weeks, reminding one of the deluge.

It is the second evening after his arrival. The Willoughbys, Miss Wylie, and Clifton are sitting on the front verandah where they have met after the four o'clock dinner. Clifton has had time to become acquainted and has been improving his new acquaintance towards forwarding his work. He has been asking questions the last half

hour, finding a ready informant in the missionary. It was a habit of Clifton's to avoid expressing even half formed convictions on a new subject, preferring to hear the facts in their fulness as well as see them in their new light.

They had been discussing Educational *vs.* Evangelical Missions. Clifton had spent a day in Madras, where the Church of Scotland have a large college, and naturally the subject came up. The subject was not altogether new to him, as he had some *a priori* ideas on it, besides having read the reports of the Allahabad and Bengalore Conferences. He found that those who advocated education did so as something supplementary to evangelical work, and defended their position partly by urging that higher education was needed for the Christians of the various missions, and partly by avowing that this was their peculiar work.

Thus the main question, the only one to be considered, that is, whether education should be treated as an evangelizing agency, became obscured. Mr. Willoughby was clearly convinced that it should not, that it was in no way a preparation for conversion, and he explained the origin of the early schools and institutions as due to the inveterate prejudice of the people, which made it most difficult to get a hearing. This prejudice had largely passed away, and with it the excuse for schools. Moreover, Government had instituted a good system of general education, so that there was even less reason than ever. He held strongly, however, to the education of the native Christians to the full extent in which it is helpful in the work of evangelizing the heathen.

The conversation ceasing with the questions, Miss Wylie related a pathetic incident that had transpired that day. It was the story of an old woman who had died in one of the Zenanas, expressing a trust in Christ. "It is light now," she said, "and I am not afraid to die." She had heard the gospel story first from Mrs. Willoughby, who had done Zenana visiting as her strength and other duties permitted. It was the same trust that gives rest everywhere; the old woman had heard in time to believe. "But some of them," continued Miss Wylie, "ask me, 'If

this be true, why did you not come sooner?' and they want to know what became of their ancestors. Many are careless enough, but some listen earnestly, and have many startling questions to ask."

"What results from your work are you expecting?" enquired Clifton.

"Very few apparent ones, for my women are so hedged in and so helpless that I cannot hope for many to make any public profession of their faith. We are doing an undermining work, and when the men have lost faith in their old religion, you will find that many of their wives will be able to tell them of a better. Our work is not one attended with manifest results, but it is part of the great process going on which will eventually be the evangelization of India. We are the miners out of sight."

The party broke up, the others returning to their rooms, Clifton sauntering out into the glorious evening. He walked and re-walked the carriage-way that ran to the gate, busied with his thoughts. He found himself in a new home, in a new land, amid new surroundings, every one suggesting thought. He stood upon the borders of the land where he was to spend his life. What Christ had for him to do and bear he did not know; but he manifested no impatience, being ready for work or sacrifice.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN SERIPATNAM.

CLIFTON remained in Seripatnam about ten months, in which time he acquired enough of the language to enable him to converse with the people, and to serve as a basis for further study. He found Telugu very simple in structure, and with the excellent books ready to hand, experienced no difficulty in understanding its principles. He found the New Testament translated into good idiomatic Telugu, and the Old Testament existing in a translation that was still undergoing revision. He found a good Telugu Grammar written after, and combining the excellencies with none of the faults of two earlier grammars. There was also a good lexicon, but it had been prepared a quarter of a century before his coming, and, unlike the Grammar, had not been re-written, so that revision was needed. There were books of various other kinds on Christian subjects, but mostly translations. With these helps it seemed to him that no one with fair ability need have any fears about acquiring the language.

Many have wished for the gift of tongues, but he saw that having a language to learn was not an unmixed evil, since the time spent on the language gave the new-comer leisure to learn the people and their ways of thought and life. He found it best to shape his ideas according to his new surroundings, rather than make his surroundings fall in with preconceived ideas. Former experience in Christian

work notwithstanding, there is much to learn, and when the new-comer is in a teachable state of mind, many prematurely formed ideas fall away with the first shock of contact, even as Clifton found to be the case. The people are Oriental, which means that everything concerning them is Oriental, from drawing their water to saying their prayers. And just here is the hill of difficulty, for the people of the West do not assimilate readily with those of the East; but the missionary who comes nearest understanding the typical Oriental mind, makes the most effective worker.

Clifton came to work, but he came to learn also, and to this preliminary preparation he applied himself with a will.

In Seripatnam, which had a population of about thirty thousand people, he found a number of natives who could speak English fairly well. He managed matters so as to become acquainted with those, and he gave himself up to know them. Ever manifesting a pleasure in seeing them, careful to keep his own thoughts out of view, and still more careful to ask questions and hear than to speak and teach, he gradually led his new acquaintances to open up their minds and to speak freely of their hopes and aspirations. When the route is known an occasional turn of the wheel will keep the ship in course, so a sympathetic query often sets the candid inquirer thinking in a wholly new direction. Even in argument a little questioning brings to light what previous thought has been given to the subject and by asking an explanation here and suggesting a difficulty there either the questioner gains additional knowledge of the matter, or the questioned one discovers the weakness of his position, being made to feel at the same time the strength of the opposite.

As a result Clifton soon discovered that many had very little religious belief, not more than had adhered to them as they grew up, for they gave very little thought to these matters. Their aspirations pertained to this life, and they seemed to think that the *summum bonum* consisted wholly in securing a good position.

Their ideas as to what constituted manliness were vague indeed. In fact Clifton found this to be a western idea,

for a cringing spirit seemed to possess all that he met, the cringing varying in proportion to the hope of gain. Their ideas that something was to be gained were clear enough, but as to the means they were not at all scrupulous. Accordingly some were ready to accept Christianity if there were any inducement, for these looked upon its acceptance in the light of a business transaction. There were very few earnest characters among all that he met, and certainly it appeared discouraging in the extreme, laboring for a people so dead that they cared nothing for spiritual things, and so steeped in worldly matters as to think they were the principal objects of desire. But then nearly all were more or less religious in their own way. They were careful to observe caste, and not without reason, for to attain unto the state of a Brahman many thousand existences—millions even had to be passed, while a slip meant beginning at the bottom again.

Moreover they were the children of fate, and were compelled to work out each his own destiny, even as their deities had done before them. Their ideas of sin, and consequently of salvation, they had inherited even as they had inherited the mental and physical idiosyncrasies of their forefathers. They could not conceive of God, as at the same time a conscious, thinking being and one enjoying supreme bliss. As long as there was thought, there must be desire, which meant incompleteness. The God that Clifton spoke of, and the heaven that he described, they could not understand. They never dreamed of freedom from sin—their idea was freedom from existence. To be born was the capital sin, and every thinking Hindu aspired after that state upon attainment of which further birth would be impossible. As far as the individual was concerned, this meant annihilation, but to them it meant union with the great unconscious Brahma. No doubt the climate had something to do in giving rise to these yearnings after an unconscious existence or no existence at all, since the weariness and lassitude consequent upon living amid such blinding light and under such oppressive heat would naturally beget some such longings. Even the lowest and most ignorant largely imbibed these beliefs, for

they had gradually filtered down through every stratum of Hindu society, until the whole had become impregnated. Humanly speaking, earnestness was of no avail with them, for they were ready to assent to every proposition asserted, and yet were no nearer conviction that would result in action than before, nor was reasoning more effective, since they seemed to be deficient of the very faculty itself, and failed to see the inconsistency of assenting to mutually contradictory assertions. But Clifton depended upon neither. An American evangelist, who knew human nature, exclaimed on one occasion, "I thank Thee, God, that I do not have to convert men," an expression that the missionary soon learns to reiterate with ever increasing emphasis.

An earnest worker of Clifton's character could not mingle with such a people without feeling keenly the difficulties of the work to which he felt that the Christian world have been called.

He had been ten months in Seripatnam, during which time he had become familiar with its crowded streets and busy thoroughfares. The main street ran, perhaps, two miles straight through the town, cutting it into two. At right angles to this street, and midway, ran a river crossed by an iron bridge. From this bridge the entire length of the street could be seen, teeming with human life and activity. Countless times had he crossed the bridge along with the surging multitude, and made his way up the great main street. What sights met his eyes! At the entrance of the bridge and at short distances along the streets were numerous beggars—deformed, sightless shapes, lepers, in all postures, lying, sitting, crawling, hobbling, each one crying out in the varied phraseology of the place, "My great lord, have mercy, have mercy!" "Noble gentleman in the big carriage, show compassion!" "Narayana! Narayana!! Narayana!!!" "Blind man my lord, blind man! Charity, charity!"

These sightless, shapeless creatures burnt into his brain an idea of that other sad condition of the place—its awful spiritual deformity and repulsiveness. What throngs of people passed him, some hurriedly, some leisurely, men, women and children, in all conceivable modes of dress and

undress, of cleanness and filthiness, of intelligence and ignorance, old women with a single cloth thrown carelessly about them, little toddlers smoking the stump ends of thrown away cigars, men running along under heavy loads or burdens on their heads, idlers, dancing girls bedecked in oriental gorgeousness, resplendent with jewels, merchants with their wares—a motley throng, yet ever on it swept, but whence and whither, who could say?

The streets running at right angles to the main thoroughfare were crowded with seething living masses as far as eye could reach. What a procession of life. Then on the great market and feast days, when the surrounding country poured into the place, the population seemed suddenly to double, while for miles the roads were lined with people—an endless procession.

The crowds seemed to melt into one great living mass, animated by a single throbbing soul. Individuals were lost in the mighty mass, and moved, thought, lived as parts of one great whole. In this great body, with its thousands of members, what was one member? Something perhaps as an element in the great whole, but when severed, what? When, then, could such a living mass become animated with a new life, when the whole must be reached through its parts.

Yes, what a throng of people! And what was of most concern, nearly all were unsaved, while many had not the remotest idea of what salvation meant, nor perhaps cared to know. Here, then, was supreme indifference, a deadly apathy. Will the evangelist proclaim his message? Will he drop into the sea of life, and make his presence known? He selects a spot, sings a hymn which soon attracts a segment of the moving mass. But where shall the preacher begin? What language will convey his burning thoughts to those staring, gaping people? What illustrations shall he use?

But he must not hesitate, for there are other attractions, and the crowd will soon move on. He has but one story—that of the cross, but how shall these darkened minds ever appreciate it? Yet they must, and just at this turn in their lives, for if they pass on, they may never hear the

message again. And many do pass on, never hearing again, while the great outer edge of the mass never hear at all, and pass down into that awful death that is eternal.

Christians speak of devotion, of denial, of sacrifice, but such language seems mockery in the face of such need. *Eternity!* Were these people to inherit immortality—of shame, despair, and ruin, while thousands of others dreamed of eternal bliss, yet never moved to save their fellows?

Alas, this, then, was Seripatnam a great heathen town; but who grieved over it, who gave it thought? A single missionary dwelt in the place; but, then, he was responsible for half a million souls beyond its borders. Responsible? Could any one be responsible for so many? He might, if there were no other workers who could share a part, but never, while there were. And *where* were they? *What* were they doing? Surely, surely, if the Lord meant His commission seriously—if He died for these people—if He loved them and cared for their salvation—then multitudes must have been in the wrong place.

Alas, it has been this way for centuries, and—it is the same still. Pastors who know the love of Christ, and how precious it is to perishing men, preach year after year to the same congregation, whose earliest recollections are of Christian teaching, who have Bibles in their homes, who can read for themselves, while others never hear the gospel once, never *know* that Love cared for them, and provided salvation—and not knowing, yield to the solicitations of sin, finally becoming irredeemably lost. What will it profit a man if he gain t he whole world, and yet lose his soul? Aye! what profit to *that* man? To lose property, friends, health, life, may seem much; but to lose oneself, to get inextricably entangled in the endless mazes of sin is loss indeed. Compute the loss who can, but while the computation goes on, thousands — millions even — are being lost.

Reader, "would you—*do* you preach this in its full meaning and import? When you do — *if* you do — do your hearers believe it? Do you succeed in making them believe that *you believe* it?"

Ten months in Seripatnam have shown the young missionary something of the great destitution of the place, have made him inexpressibly sad, have brought him unutterable heart yearnings over the people. He is not to remain here however. His own station is to be Ellapatnam, some 75 miles from Seripatnam, and to this place he now turns his face, and wends his way.

CHAPTER IV.

MOVING.

CLIFTON had found the Willoughbys' a very pleasant home. Mr. Willoughby, it is true, spent nearly half his time in the "district," and when at home had so many things to take account of that he had but little time for the new missionary. Still there were the social breakfasts and dinners when all formality was laid aside, and the hour was passed with entertaining accounts, not of the work particularly, but of the various experiences that make up missionary life. Mr. Willoughby being of a very genial character, keenly observant of everything transpiring, quick to note the varying phases of Indian life, and possessed of good conversational gifts, was very entertaining.

On this account he was not a little sought after by the few officials who were passing their time of official drudgery and exile in Seripatnam. These were the Collector of the District, the Head of the Department of Public Works, the Head of the Military, the Bank and Steamship Company Agents, an English Merchant, with a few other miscellaneous characters

There were many Indian gentlemen also who loved an hour's chat with the genial foreigner who seemed to have such a genuine interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the country, and more especially as he never talked "down" at them.

The school boys from the Rajah's College would come in, watching for a leisure moment, with perhaps a knotty

question in theology of which they wanted a solution, or a sentence in English to be analyzed.

Then there were the native officials in the Collector's office who were glad to be on friendly footing with him. Besides, he held a place on the Municipal Board, and therefore came in contact with the town councillors. In his public character he had introduced some healthy reforms and gained some consideration for the poor of the place, inasmuch as he had succeeded in securing a grant of land for the building of a new palem.

Being a physician also there were many demands on his time, and he had more patients than he could attend. In this way he touched all classes.

Moreover there was a respectable Eurasian community in the place, for which he established worship on Sundays, and a day school during the week. Above all there were his native Christians. These were his chief care, and for them he labored with a devotion rare and unwearying. To them he was pastor, teacher, and father—every thing that one could be to a people.

In every phase of this varied life his staunch Christian character showed predominant—indeed it was this that made him so cosmopolitan, so large hearted, so ready to sympathize and so prompt to help. Nothing came into his life that did not help him. His faith in God was unwavering, and his belief that all things work together for good, had gradually become a constituent part of his being. He yielded himself to the Spirit's leading; gave himself up to be filled with His influence, that he might work out more fully the will of his Divine Master. That was an ill day which he had not filled with service specially, consciously for Him. It was his meat and drink to do those things that were pleasing to Him, so that he experienced constantly the promised peace and unspeakable joy that flow from obedience.

To come into contact with such a man as Willoughby in the beginning of his Indian life, was a great help indeed, and Clifton dated some of his best times back to the few months passed in Seripatnam.

He could not have been with such a man, however short

a time, without imparting something of his own in return. It may be that neither knew what was given, and what received, yet there is little doubt that the younger man's burning enthusiasm had something to do with the letters written after by Mr. Willoughby. It is true that he was specially qualified from his wide knowledge and deep experience, but there was needed this contact to fire the mine.

Willoughby had been groping in the deep darkness in quest of the perishing for half a generation, had heard their smothered cries, had been the witness of scenes that burnt themselves into heart and brain, and had become almost heart broken while rescuing a few, for myriads swept past him, borne on in the great deep, their last cry smothered, their last hope gone, and their eternal destiny forever fixed. The commission read in the light of years of such an experience could not but be pleaded with an agonizing earnestness that would thrill every reader. And so it was "Go ye therefore," was the burden. *Therefore!* What force in that word to Willoughby! Did Christ mean merely a making good His authority, or did He see the world's dying millions, and did He also gather up their cries, tears, and pleadings in that commission of His? So at least Willoughby read it, and so he pleaded it.

Mrs. Willoughby was a kindly, motherly woman who had a word and smile for everyone, and made the stranger feel at home from the very first.

Miss Wylie was of another type or character, yet formed a large part of the Seripatnam home life. Her exuberant spirit, good natured raillery, quick repartee, ready sympathy, unwavering devotion to her work, and unfailing faith in God, were infectious. It was a Christian home planted in a heathen town, and the very salt of the place.

But the time came for the young missionary to strike his tents and move inland. On the evening of departure the bullock carts were sent on in advance. Some hours later Willoughby hitched the pony carriage, and drove Clifton the first few miles on his way. As the carts move about two miles an hour when you accompany them, and about half that speed when unattended, they were not long in coming up with them.

Clifton thereupon changed from the cosy carriage to the slow-moving, rumbling, springless cart, bade Willoughby good bye, and then puhsed on toward his destination. About nine o'clock that evening he passed through the first large town on his way, some ten miles or thereabouts from Seripatnam, called Madyapalem, with a population of about 12,000 people. A splendid moon rode in a clear sky, shedding a glorious brlliancy over the town, a brilliancy in sad contrast with the deep dismal shadow of death that hung over the place. It was a characteristic oriental town, with its narrow winding streets, and low tiled and thatched houses. The people could be seen sitting or lying on the little verandahs, some in deep converse, some settled for the night, while a few here and there still plied their trades. The main street that ran the whole length of the town was too dusty to dismount, so that Clifton kept to his cart until he had got beyond the place into the open country. Then turning to the left and slightly out of his way, he entered a large open common, beyond which, in the distance, rose the Bible School of the Mission. Here dwelt the missionary and his wife in charge, where he halted for a short time and partook of a slight meal.

It was nearing midnight when he got under way again. But finally the carts got into motion, passed out through the compound gates, re-crossed the common and regained the road which he had left. Putting up a prayer for the workers from whom he had parted, and for the town he had passed through, he gathered his travelling rug about him, and gave himself up to sleep.

He is now fairly under way. The oxen trudge on in the still night, their measured pace becoming a halt whenever the driver falls asleep. Thus the remainder of the night passes. The hours melt away, the moon wanes and finally disappears, then the East begins to take on a golden tinge, which deepens in color, becoming a deep red, until suddenly the great round fiery orb of day leaps above the horizon.

It is five o'clock, and the traveller rouses himself to find that he has made but seven or eight miles since the last halt. He now enters Rajahpuram, the country seat of an Indian prince It is fully as large as Madyapalem, but

with much more life and activity. He gets out for his morning walk, and does not return to his cart until he has got beyond the town. For two miles he follows the long, narrow, winding street that runs through the place, the street at every turn beginning to waken into life. Soon the whole town is moving, and Clifton has seen a sleeping town of 12,000 people slowly waken to a new day's activity.

But these thousands from the Rajah down to the meanest pariah sleep another sleep that they show no signs of shaking off. They sorely need a rude shaking and arousing. But there is no one to rouse them and the sleep deepens into death. Clifton moves through the place, merely dropping a word to those passing, or giving a tract to any one that could read. Not one Christian in the whole town. What a state! And this has been its history since it had a name. People have been born here to a life of ignorance and sin, to be merged into a fearful, never-dying death. They still are being born, still live the life of ignorance and sin; then move on to make way for others. Ah! Let them be born; let them live their lives of ignorance and sin; let them die—perish—sink into eternal night—grope, agonize through æons of endless, hopeless misery: who will be the sadder except God whose love never dies; who will to the rescue? And so the old order goes on repeating itself until one wearies of counting generations. But were this the only town sleeping on the brink of awful destruction, the only town over which the shades of death ever deepen in intensity; were it the only town forgotten by Christians, uncared for and left to perish, the case would still be inexpressibly mournful, but it is only *one* out of thousands. But Clifton has no time to halt. The sun is mounting fast, is growing fiercely hot by the time he has passed through the place, with another two hours still before him.

He urges the carts forward, reaches the next village where he passes the day in a traveller's bungalow. Early in the evening he starts on his way again, reaching a second station of the mission by the following morning. He has come from Madyapalem nearly forty miles, and not a single saved person along the whole way—towns, villages,

miles of road, vast reaches of country on either sides, teeming with people, but *dead!*

Starting late the next evening, he sat in his cart, looking back over the great road receding in the distance, half unconsciously noting the lines of Banyan trees on either side, the stately archway formed by the meeting of their huge branches and the thousand shimmering lights of the moon's rays struggling through the thick foliage, but consciously thinking on the great destitution of the people. There were some workers, but they were lost in the multitude of perishing souls. He was getting deeper into the great need, saw more of the destitution, saw enough to break his heart. But every chosen one has his baptism of fire, thrilling him in every nerve, burning out the remains of self, and filling him with power for the allotted work. The cart rumbled slowly on, and, after leaving the great highway, wound in and out among the hills that stood like grim sentinels along the way, now following the sand bed of a rainy-season torrent, now gaining the hard well-made road, as the sleepy-eyed oxen trudged patiently on, while on every hand a wild picturesqueness broke upon the view, but the traveller heeded it not. The moon burned out; the stars faded away; the morning dawn began to appear, suffused with ever deepening blushes until the king of day again leaped above the horizon, but he heeded it not.

The whole livelong night he had sat looking out over the darkened land. He could not see far it is true, but what he had seen helped him to understand the life that lay behind. He thought upon the sleepless God with His great compassionate love; upon the Divine Man in His death agony when the great redemption was finished; upon the risen, sceptred Christ with His kingly form, His ravishing loveliness, and the irreparable loss of never meeting Him—aye, that were *loss* indeed. "And yet, O my God," he cried, in an agony, "these know Thee not! Must Thy love descend through human vessels upon this perishing people?" Even so. The thought was overwhelming. In the light of eternity how many destinies did he hold in his hand? Who could answer for even one, yet there were thousands here.

No, he would not, could not be responsible for any loss. Such were irreparable. Souls not knowing Christ! Not hearing of the great blood ransom! Immortals sinking into hell! Men and women crying back from the lurid, burning pit to him! The awful picture burnt into his brain; the cry of the lost pierced his soul. Pale and sad, with bleeding brow, bleeding hands and feet, the Christ seemed to call him. Prostrate before Him, he lay in an agony of love and fear. All was His. But all, how little! Time melted away; eternity alone seemed real. The vain world melted out of sight; nothing was worth aught save Christ, heaven and souls.

The cart rumbled on. Soon a town burst upon the view. It was Ellapatnam.

CHAPTER V.

IN ELLAPATNAM.

THERE are two principal methods of missionary work in Evangelical Missions. The first method is somewhat as follows. A missionary occupies a town with the intention of evangelizing it and the surrounding country. In this district there may be as many as five hundred villages, of which some will be of considerable size and importance. In these villages there will be a population ranging from one quarter to half a million souls. Now no one man can entertain the idea of reaching such a multitude, and no missionary ever does.

To evangelize such a district the missionary associates with himself in the work "helpers," that is, native workers, who either accompany him on his preaching excursions, or are stationed in some of the principal villages, from which they are expected to work as centres. Some of these "helpers" are purely evangelists whose only duty is to preach the gospel to the people within a certain prescribed limit. Some are teachers whose duty is to gather in the children of their respective villages, and devote certain hours to their instruction. Out of school hours these teachers preach the gospel in the village, and the neighboring ones, besides on Sundays calling the Christians together and conducting divine worship, thus acting as teachers, evangelists and pastors. Others of the "helpers" are Bible women, some of whom live at the station, while others live in their own villages, their work

being among the women of the place though not exclusively so. In course of time when Christians multiply in sufficient numbers to be organized into churches, some of the better class of preachers are placed over these newly formed churches to act as pastors, though their time may not be exclusively devoted to the members, but in proportion as it is, the members are supposed to contribute towards their support.

In opening a new station the missionary must begin with a very few helpers, and these often very inefficient, but as the work developes he soon gathers about him quite a band of helpers, sometimes as many as twenty, twenty-five, fifty, or even a hundred. Many of these have had all their training under the missionary, while some have gone through a prescribed course of study in a training institution, if the mission has one.

To work one's way, therefore, into a district is no easy matter, for the missionary, begins almost single handed, having neither Christians nor helpers to aid him, so that his best strength and the prime of his life are spent in making a break into the dense mass of heathenism. Moreover when the break is once made, his cares increase with each succeeding year, as converts multiply, and as he adds to his staff of workers.

These converts need constant help and, though provided with pastors, cannot dispense with the missionary care and oversight. The helpers he meets monthly. These have much to tell the missionary whom they call their father, or mother. Sometimes their reports of the work are cheering, at other times depressing. They have met with a hearty reception, or they have been repulsed. Some of the Christians have been beaten or otherwise ill-treated by the heathen. The village magistrate, it may be, connives at these things, and privily incites the villagers to harass the Christians. Some have grown indifferent and show signs of further declension, while some, it may be, have wholly fallen away. There is no end of worry. The Christians are driven from the village well, or their way to the field is blocked, or some false charge has been trumped up against them, or they are unjustly mulcted of

their hire, or perhaps they have been boycotted, so are unable to buy or sell, or to get work. Sometimes a village comes over to Christianity in mass; then there is much rejoicing. Many have given earnest heed to the Word spoken and shown signs of believing, then the future is hopeful. Or, and the reports sink again in tone, the cholera, small--pox, or one of the innumerable deadly diseases that infest the land, has broken out in the villages and the people fall beneath its fell sway.

Thus the reports run on; each worker has his turn, tells his story, and receives in return rebuke, encouragement, exhortation, or praise as the case may demand.

The reports heard, the requests listened to, the monthly salaries paid, the exhortation and prayer over, the workers return to their respective places for another month's labor. But the missionary follows by boat, or ox-cart, or palanquin, or horse, or whatever mode of travel best meets the circumstances. He passes over the ground worked by the helpers, inquires into their work, meets, instructs and prays with the Christians, preaches in the villages, receives candidates for baptism, organizes churches, procures land for chapels, and generally does anything else that calls for his attention. In this way the missionary lives in his Christians, and labors through his helpers, so that he is in a score of places at the same time, and his presence becomes felt over the entire region. Thus the Gospel is preached, people believe, are organized into churches, churches multiply into associations, while associations multiply, and find unity in conventions. Such in brief is one method of missionary work. The mere statement shows it to be plausible, reasonable, and will naturally carry the suffrage of the reader.

There is a second method of missionary effort, though it is not frequently adopted, and therefore, on account of this very fact, may at the outset be pronounced wanting. But just now this is not our concern. We are writing a history and must narrate events as they transpired. Clifton passed by the first and adopted the second method. This latter may be termed a working up rather than down. By the first method the missionary has often a fully equipped

ministry before he has the people whereunto to minister. The second method regulates its operations according to the law of supply and demand. The principle of self-support is made central, and it reads, "Foreigners to support foreigners, natives to support natives." Accordingly no native preachers are called until there is a people to support them, except in cases where the native worker has means of his own.

The missionary thus begins single-handed, and very early experiences that nothing short of a ready use of the language, a close acquaintance with the people, and a large faith in God will avail him. He is a lone man, in a strange place, among a strange people. Discouragements come thick and fast and his patience is sorely tried. But he toils on until there is a break; adds unto his efforts until the break becomes general. His first converts are a cause for rejoicing, while his first church is verily a notable event in his missionary career. They are the fruit of his travail, and there is a peculiarly close relationship between him and them. He is keenly anxious about them, for his life is bound up in their welfare; rejoices in their steadfastness, and grieves over every lapse.

He stays to give them instruction, unfolds more fully God's plans of mercy, dwells upon His love in Christ, kindles their love into a flame, and presses upon them their responsibility for growing in grace and knowledge. It may be that all are untaught, so that God's Word is to them a sealed book. This must not continue. Some of their number must break the seal and the others must give their help in the matter. All are concerned; therefore no one can be indifferent. In like manner he presses upon them their responsibility to their fellow villagers, as well as their neighbors in the near villages. This responsibility is theirs, for in receiving are they not debtors? They thus constitute a centre from which must radiate light.

The missionary then breaks new ground, but is no longer alone. For he is followed by the prayers of his children in the faith, and perhaps accompanied by some of their number to aid him in making disciples in other villages.

Such an undertaking is no light one, for the difficulties cannot be easily over-rated. It seems tedious and disheartening, for the missionary multiplies himself so slowly. But the result must be its justification. Clifton adopted this latter method, more because it met his circumstances than because he deemed it a more effective method of evangelization than the other. His reason for its adoption will appear in the course of the narrative.

When he arrived at Ellapatnam he had been but ten months in the country, too short a time to acquire the language sufficiently well to do vigorous work. He resolved to spare no pains in its acquisition, for he aimed at thoroughness. If it had not been his nature to do everything he attempted thoroughly, his ideas of Christian life would not have permitted him to do it otherwise. His first months, therefore, were given to the language, and he studied it with a zeal that could not fail of attainment. He worked at the vocables with a persistence that promised perfection. He studied the Telugu mind and character as perseveringly as he thumbed his books, and aimed at forcing their secret. His determination was to become a genuine Telugu in speech, even in enunciation and accent. He made himself familiar with every peculiarity of the language spoken or written, so that he could converse with the uneducated cooly-man or, if he chose, with the punctilious Brahman. The niceties of speech, the idioms peculiar to the language, the current proverbial expressions, the quick, sharp, pregnant exclamations, in short, the very genius of the language he aimed at acquiring. And he acquired it as very few can. His voice was soft, full, and flexible, so fell in readily with sounds that are often the despair of the foreigner, for a sharp, distinct clearness means imperfection.

But though these first months were spent in study, he by no means forgot the people of the place. These he saw every day and soon came to know them, and they him. He had secured a deserted bungalow formerly occupied by a gentleman in the Salt department. It was very unpretentious, but answered his purpose. Situated at a slight distance from the road and just at the entrance to the town, it was the first object that came to view. It had two

main rooms, bath rooms, and a low verandah. The walls were of mud, but neatly built and of great thickness, a prime desideratum. With a good coating of whitewash they took on a fair appearance. Some after-work had been bestowed on one of the rooms, for Clifton found the mud wall buttressed by an inner wall of a single tier of brick well laid in mortar, this wall again being plastered, evidently intended as protection against white ants. The floor of this room had been well built of concrete, with a hard finish of plaster, a preparation for a mat. The roof was tiling upon a bamboo matting. The beams and rafters were country wood, but well tarred. Both rooms were of ample dimensions, while the walls were of good height. Of the rooms, the better built served as study and sleeping apartment, while the other did duty as a dining and general reception room. Clifton had no more furniture than was actually necessary to meet his wants. In his study a strong teak book case, clothes press, writing table and secretary, a few chairs, an iron cot, with a few mottoes on the walls, constituted the furnishing, while that of the dining room was even less.

His books were those read in his college course, supplemented by some standard books of reference, and a few well selected commentaries. Besides these he had a choice selection of books on Missions, to which he added, as new works were published. There was also a shelf of biographies and autobiographies. But the books most read were the Bible, a well bound copy of old hymns, Rutherford, and Pilgrim's Progress.

His servants were a "boy" who did his cooking and served his meals, besides keeping his rooms in order, a water-man, a washer-man, and sweeper woman, their entire wages amounting to about $5 per month. Of these the "boy" and the water-man were Christians.

His diet was simple, as he conformed largely to that of the country and therefore found little difficulty in procuring supplies. As to clothing, in the hot season he wore white suits of bleached cotton, while ordinary tweed served his purpose in the cool season. Thus his wardrobe and commissariat cost him little thought. His hours were

regular and, as he took care not to expose himself to the extremes of the climate, his health was generally excellent. In a marvellously short time he had fallen in with his surroundings, made out his bearings, and was at work improving every opportunity.

Ellapatnam was to be the scene of Clifton's work. It was a town somewhat more pretentious than the ordinary Hindu town, and had been more regularly laid out, having broader streets, and better buildings. The deputy collector had his quarters in the place, besides several native officials who were stationed here. There was also a Government school in which the primary branches of Telugu, with a little English, were taught. This building, like all the Government buildings, was well constructed, improving the appearance of the town. The natives of the place had also started a reading room, which, however, rather languished through lack of patronage. There was also a native club who held their meetings in a public hall which had been built by a wealthy land-holder named Mr. Rama Rao. The population of the place was about 8,000, consisting of about 5,000 caste and 3,000 non-caste people.

At the time we write, very little Gospel work—not more than the preaching of a passing evangelist in the market place—had been done. It was virgin soil, unbroken, waiting the coming of the Gospel plough. Clifton was thus to build on no other man's foundation. He was to preach the Gospel in a region where Christ had not been named. His was to be the joy of first unfolding the Gospel to many a Hindu mind. His, to see souls darkened and deadened by sin, gradually opening to the light, and awaking to life under its quickening influence. His, to win out of this Telugu people some jewels for Christ against the crowning day.

His first months were spent, as we have said, in the study of the language. But in his hardest, severest studies, he read his Bible with an eagerness and persistence that

was at first thought surprising, yet was not so when rightly understood.

His conception of Christian life was that it consisted in freedom from any influence save that of the indwelling Christ. The essence of redemption to him was freedom. "He that the Son maketh free is free indeed." "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus made him free from the law of sin and death." But he did not believe in such a thing as absolute freedom. There must be subjection of some kind, if not to Christ, then to sin. But he had felt the bondage of sin too deeply to court it again. Were he caught up and swept along by any passion, be it what it might—sorrow, joy, anger, or enthusiasm—to that extent was his freedom imperilled. His freedom depended upon his controlling and using his passions; not they him. But this was impossible, except something stronger than they held him. This stronger power was Christ. But his abiding under the influence of Christ depended upon a natural law. Just in proportion as any one yields himself up to anything, does he fall under its sway. In like manner, did he yield himself up to the study of the language to a greater extent than he did to Christ, then was he being swept from his moorings. Experience, however, had taught him to look well to his anchor line, for sudden gusts and fearful hurricanes often sweep down upon one. He had his hours of study, but he did not exceed the limit. He had his hours of devotion, but never diminished them, and so he came more completely under Christ's control every day.

But while the early months in Ellapatnam were passed in devotion and study, he was keenly alive to everything transpiring about him. He needed recreation every day, which he obtained during his wanderings through the streets, lanes and wynds of the town. In a short time he came to know the town thoroughly, so that he could have found his way home from any quarter in the darkest night. He also came to know many of the people, and his bright, hearty, genial manner won him their attention. Before long some of them began to visit him at his bungalow, where he received them so kindly that few came once that

did not return. Still he had his hours for these receptions and these he would not violate. Little by little, however, the acquaintances thus made opened up lines of work which he began to take up as he found the language breaking to his use. Two whole years thus passed by, at the end of which period he had become a regular citizen of Ellapatnam, and had become also immersed in every kind of work.

Before, however, speaking more particularly of this work we must stay to chronicle some events that transpired at this period, which brought some new characters on the scene, who afterwards were nearly connected with Cliffords' work, and largely affected his fortunes.

CHAPTER VI.

SEETAMMA.

THE scene of our story changes. It is a London lodging house and two of the inmates are deep in conversation. It will not be considered eaves-dropping if we listen.

"I am tired of London, papa, I am tired of England, so tired! When shall we go home?"

"Why, how is this, Seetamma, surely not tired of the West!"

"Yes, papa, I am tired. I long to see my fair Indian home. My heart is not here, papa, but dwells in the far East, for even in my dreams I wander in the Orient amid scenes of my childhood. I want to see my native town of which you so often speak. I want to associate again with my own people. It is so long since I saw them that they are fast fading from my memory. I am not a child of the West, papa, so how can I be content and happy here where everything is so cold and dull. My earliest recollections are of my Indian home, and of Ratnamma, my play-mate. I was only five then, papa, and now I am sixteen—cannot we go home? But last night I had a letter from Ratnamma—a real Indian, Telugu letter, and from Ratnamma too. But I cried over it, papa, for she told me such a sad story; surely it cannot be true! Her husband died, for the gods were angry she said, so that she is a widow with no jewels, and Ratnamma you know loved her jewels so much. She has no one now who

loves her, for her mother has disowned her, while her mother-in-law is cruel, her own people look upon her as an accursed thing, her beautiful hair has been shorn off and all know her to shun her. It was such a sad story, papa, and I cried to think my people—the people of the fair East who were a people before Europe was known—could be so unkind. You have told me that these are customs of the people and that they think them divine, so will not change them.

But I had a dream, papa. and in my dream I thought that I was at home and saw little Ratnamma again, but that she looked sad. I put my arms around her, and said that I would help her, that I had come home to stay with her, and that I had learned many good and wise things which I would teach my own people. But she shook her head and smiled sorrowfully, saying that I was only a child but that if I were a woman no one would heed me for they cared not for women. At this I thought I grew angry, when my dream seemed to change, for so many people were looking at me in wonder, until one said, 'She has found knowledge, let us learn of her,' to which the others replied, 'It is well.' Then they faded away until they were lost in a deep mist but the mist gradually lifted, when a new scene broke on my view. I was in Ellapatnam but everything was changed. I walked down the long street and saw so many who seemed so glad to see me and who kept salaaming me, calling me little mother. I felt glad also when I looked upon their happy faces, for the ignorance had all gone and everyone was kind and wise again. but while I was rejoicing in the change, I awoke and found it only a dream. Seetamma, Rama's wife, must have brought me so good a dream, but no, papa, there is no Seetamma and no Rama, only the great, kind Father who loves and cares for all his children. I have read, papa, that my people worship idols, and have many gods, but then you told me this was also a result of superstition which only a few wise people understand, while the others are very ignorant and know no better. I think sometimes, papa, that you don't believe in any God at all, and why?"

Mr. Rama Rao, an Indian gentleman, and Seetamma's

father, smiled, and drawing Seetamma to him, said, "My child is troubling herself with hard questions. Why worry yourself about our people, Seetamma, for it will not make their lot any lighter. They believe in these customs, and neither you nor I can change them. Besides, you are a mere child, Seetamma, and what can you do? I brought you with me to England when but five years of age, and have had you taught all the branches of western knowledge. You have grown accustomed to English ideas. manners and mode of life. Do you not then know, my child, that you could not be happy in your Indian home? If we were to return what companionship could we have, for our own people now look upon us as outcasts. They would not receive us nor touch us lest we should pollute them. You were too young to understand these things when you came away, while eleven years of Western life have so brought you into sympathy with a better order of things that you could have no joy in trying to live your Indian life over again.

Yes, I know what you want me to understand by your dream, but, my child, it was a dream only, and Seetamma must not be misled by it, for you would only be wounded in trying to clear away these briars of ignorance."

"But, papa, have they no way of receiving us back into Caste"? queried Seetamma, half in surprise.

"Yes, my child," replied the gentleman with unusual feeling. "but it is something to which neither I nor my daughter can think of submitting. No Seetamma," he continued, falling again into his accustomed mild manner, "if we go home we shall be outcasts. Can you entertain the idea? Is that the life for which you are longing? Perhaps I made a mistake in bringing you here, Seetamma, but," and he drew her closer, "I could not part with you. Besides I wished my daughter to have a better understanding of life than her mother had, and if sorrow came, that must be considered a part of the price. Is my daughter ready to accompany her father to such a home and such a life."

"Yes, papa," cried Seetamma joyfully, "I am willing. It may be that I cannot understand, yet my heart is in

India, and though my people have faults, are they not my very own people, papa? I were no true daughter of my father if my heart grew cold to my native land. Do I not know, papa, that you have always planned to return, and that you are ready to pluck away the briars of ignorance that you would not have my hands touch. But, papa, when I have sat and listened to your stories of home, when I have seen you sad with thoughts of India's degenerate state, I have always wanted to share your work and hardships. I am a child, I know, but I am not weak, and I have no fear. Try me, papa, and see if I cannot help you a little. I know something of the glorious past of India, when our priests had full knowledge of God, and when the people were not slaves to custom. I know that if they were shown the way their father's walked, they would return to the old path."

But the gentleman shook his head sorrowfully, saying, "I fear my daughter that your fancies are too golden and that they may disappoint you. Good and wise men of our own people have tried to return to the past, but it has been in vain. The weight of ignorance is so heavy that the few who attempt to lift it are crushed beneath its mass."

The young girl looked up wonderingly. She had not heard such a despondent tone before, and she felt inclined to cry. Her emotions lay very near the surface and broke out easily, but she restrained herself, replying as cheerfully as she could,

"Yes, papa, we may be crushed also, but then isn't that the way good and useful people die? Are they not ever trying to lift the heavy burdens of others until they fall under the accumulated weight? Does not real service mean surrender of one's self, even to life itself? Besides, papa," and her voice took on a triumphant tone, "if we fall shall we not fall along with the weary burden bearers? Were this not better than to suffer them to perish alone without sympathy and love?"

The gentleman looked at his child tenderly, while a light of intense satisfaction glistened in his eyes. After a few minutes he spoke again.

"Your words give me great pleasure, Seetamma," he

said, "for they show you true to the traditions of our family who have ever been in the van of reformers. I am glad that you put the right estimate on things and that you have so early learnt to comprehend the great duty of life. For to perish in such a service, were its own reward. Truly, joy's crown of joy is in having lived for others and we may appropriate the Christians' maxim—'It is more blessed to give than receive.'"

Tears came into Seetamma's eyes at these words of appreciation from her father. She had always longed to become more than his child to him. This she was, but what she wished, was to become his companion, to share his thoughts and be associated with him in his work. The instinct of love had made her aware of much of which her father thought her ignorant. Having a keen intellect and lively sympathies she had comprehended more of his plans from his casual remarks and conversations than he could have thought possible. Her love for him made her wax in his hands so that she was influenced by him in forming her judgments to a greater extent than either knew. She had thus all unconsciously expressed his own sentiments, and it was his quick recognition of this fact that had pleased him so much. Seetamma returned to the subject, but with less impatience.

"When shall we return, papa? Will it not be very soon"? she inquired, reading his face for her answer.

"Very shortly now, Seetamma," he replied. "We shall not remain more than another week in England. By that time my work here will be finished and we shall be free to turn our faces India-ward. Our people may not be glad to see us, for we shall not yield to their prejudices. Still, we shall return, for we owe our land a life's devotion at least. But now I must go to the hospital to attend my case and you can dream of India until my return."

Mr. Rama Rao is an Indian gentleman residing at present in England, to which country he has come for various reasons, the chief being his desire to complete his medical

studies and give his daughter the benefit of a western education. His native town is Ellapatnam, where his ancestors have lived before him, perhaps for centuries. This town is included in a small zemindary, but has been kept free from the many burdensome and grievous taxes so commonly levied by Indian princes. The town had been given to one of Mr. Rama Rao's ancestors for some service done the prince, and it had come down to him, so that he was a prince in a small way.

In India the relations of any particular family are generally legion, the slightest connection being sufficient to establish filial or fraternal relationship. But Mr. Rama Rao's line had gradually become extinct, until his connections were those of his household. These of course may be almost innumerable, since son, father, grandfather, with their wives, sisters, children and children's children often occupy the same dwelling. But Mr. Rama Rao's family consisted of himself and his daughter, his wife having died when the child was but a year old.

He had married young, (the custom of the country) being but sixteen, while his child-wife was but fourteen, the contract having been made for them in infancy before either could know what such a contract could mean. They had lived together two years only, when the wife died, leaving a child which the husband cared for with the most unwearying devotion.

He had studied in Madras, continuing his studies after his marriage, until the death of his wife cut them short. He thereupon returned to Ellapatnam, his native village, and lived there with his daughter until she was five years of age, when he put his business into his agent's hands, and departed for the continent. He remained but a short time there, crossing over to England, in which country he passed the larger part of his time, though he made several journeys to France and Germany, while on one occasion he crossed the Atlantic, visiting America. On some of these excursions his daughter accompanied him, but he more frequently left her behind, though it was a sore trial to both father and child, not wishing to disturb her studies.

He had devoted himself to the study of medicine, a

science fallen into much neglect in India, its place being usurped by charms, fanciful mixtures and the like. He was more practical than many of his countrymen, who, when enlightened, delight in glib speech about India's need of reformation without attempting anything practical in the way of reformation. It was not as a mere preacher of a better order of things that he wished to be considered, but as a benefactor whose time, talents and life were at the disposal of his fellows, whose disinterestedness was apparent, and whose teaching was therefore worthy of attention. Could he gain the ear of his people, he did not despair of results, but this would call for an untiring and unselfish devotion to their best interests. His must be the sacrifice—the travail of a new and higher birth for his people.

His plans had never been very definite regarding his daughter, for he did not at first see how she could serve his purpose. Moreover it remained to be seen what she would ultimately become, though he believed that he could mould her mind and character, and decide her future course at will.

One thing he aimed at particularly, viz., that she should grow up with as few superstitions as possible. However, he carefully refrained from formulating a creed for her, preferring to place knowledge within her reach, and permit her to reach her own conclusions.

In his college course he had gradually slipped into a careless attitude towards religious matters, until his lack of interest and his mode of thinking resulted in what may be called Agnosticism. To his material way of thinking, the present was all-important, while the future was wrapped in a cloudy mist, aggravated by endless speculations and disputings. To reach certainty, to him seemed impossible, and therefore any attempt in that line, useless. What was undeniably fact, was the present, which no speculations about a future life would ameliorate or profit. But these views he never divulged to his daughter, for somehow he shrank from the idea of his daughter reaching his own conclusions. He did not, however, choose that she should identify herself with any particular sect of religious

enthusiasts, until, at least, she had arrived at years of discretion, and could form an independent judgment for herself.

But Seetamma had, all unknown to her father, formulated a creed of her own. She was inclined to be intensely religious, and devoured with an insatiable craving everything relating to the religions of India, yet in nothing did she find so little satisfaction and meet with such sore disappointment, until she fell upon a book giving an account of the Brahma Somaj. This she read through and through, making the creed of the Somaj her own, with some characteristic modifications. The Somaj was theistic in its beliefs, deriving its theism from ancient philosophical treatises, which were interpreted to teach that a benevolent Being ruled the universe whom the Somaj designated, The "All Father." Her eager mind, ever grasping at something for support, at once absorbed this idea, and a beginning once made, the rest was merely accretion.

Mr. Rama Rao, while in England and elsewhere, had spared no pains in his daughter's education in her native tongue, to which he added the elements of Sanscrit that she might be in a position to consult the sacred writings of India. But this he soon found to be less satisfactory than placing English books on the subject in her hands, by which she could in a much shorter time reach the desired end. Seetamma, however, having once acquired the elements of Sanscrit, felt by no means disposed to stay her studies in that direction, but pursued them to the full extent of her time.

As Seetamma grew and began to give indications of peculiar mental endowment, her father began to think of her as a helper in his work of reformation. From the beginning he had used her for the furtherance of his cause by refusing to have her betrothed in infancy, determining to await her arrival at maturity, when, if she so chose, she could decide the matter for herself. This certainly was a serious departure from orthodox Brahman custom, which could not but excite many prejudices against him. He now began to think that his daughter, if able to overcome the prejudice against her unmarried state, might be a great

help to him in reaching many that he could not hope to reach otherwise. But this latter idea owed much of its vitality to the discovery that Seetamma was manifesting aspirations to help her Indian sisters, of whose ignorance she was only too well informed to experience any comfort in thinking of them as her future companions. She had retained a slight connection with her former life by an early attempt to correspond with a child companion two years her senior. This gradually grew into a regular correspondence through which she had heard many things pertaining to Indian life.

The conversation recorded at the beginning of this chapter arose out of a letter received from this child companion, which was so full of suppressed grief, that she became eager to return at once. She had broken out impetuously, expressing her impatience of waiting longer. But the delay was now near an end, for in a few days they would turn their faces India-ward and begin to experience some of the hard realities of an Indian reformer's life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN.

[For the events narrated in this chapter see a letter by a native writer on the subject, published in a late number of the "Gospel in all Lands."]

"WHY did you not write sooner, Ratnamma? Why did you delay a whole year? I watched every Indian mail so eagerly, but when no letter came my joy died in my heart. I wrote a second time, and a third time, but no answer came to my letter. At last a great fear seized me—Ratnamma might have died and I would never see her again. Alas, how cruel death is! I hate it, *hate* it, Ratnamma! But my joy lived again when, after such weary waiting, a letter came one day unexpectedly to me. But it was brimming with tears, Ratnamma, so that I cried, feeling lonely, homesick, heart-sick, wanting to see you. I was impatient to come at once, but there were two weeks of waiting in England, four weeks to Bombay, and three weeks more to Ellapatnam. I am so glad to be home! My heart swells almost to bursting. Just think of it, Ratnamma! I am really in my own Indian home! And I can see you whose kind letters kept my heart warm. I can look in your eyes, kiss your lips, and hug you with all my might. But you must not look so sad, for it breaks my heart. Tell me all your trouble, and grow lightsome again." It was Seetamma who spoke. She had, upon her arrival, searched out her friend, but she was sadly shocked to see her so worn and haggard. Years of sorrow seemed

to sit upon her. She had aged prematurely ; while the large dark eyes seemed to voice a sorrow unutterable.

"You must not be angry with me, Seetamma." She replied, with a sigh. "My light has gone out and my life has become a living death, which mocks me with its presence. It were well if it could struggle back into the air whence it came. You ask me to tell you the whole story, but if I did you could not understand. My sorrows speak a language that would have little meaning for light-hearted Seetamma—and why should I bring you care before your time? It must come, for is it not fore-ordained and sealed in the book of fate? No, Seetamma, you must not look displeased," said the young widow, entreatingly, "but if you will have my story—it is so long since I could speak to any one in this way—I don't know what I am saying."—Her mouth twitched nervously ; her voice grew unsteady ; her self-control was fast ebbing away, when a pitiful attempt to regain it broke up the fountain of her sorrow, and she burst into a wild, convulsive fit of weeping. Her pent up feelings had broken loose and swept over her again and again. Any attempt at restraint increased their violence. Setamma at first tried to soothe her, but her efforts seemed only to intensify her companion's grief. Her sympathy also broke down her own control, and soon the two were weeping in unison. But this soothed the young widow who, her feelings once vented, was the first to regain her composure. Some minutes passed without any attempt at communion. It was the lull after the storm. Finally, Ratnamma, with a low thrill of sadness in her tone, resumed the conversation.

"It is so long since I could speak to any one in this way," she said. "How many days have passed in which I wished for night, and when the night brought me no comfort, wished for the morning light!"

There was another pause. The past was again before her with all its loneliness and grief, and she shuddered like an affrighted thing, but Seetamma stole her arm about her, while her eyes, misty with tears, spoke her sympathy. They were both sitting on the mat, carelessly, after the Hindu fashion.

"It comes back to me again," continued the child widow. "You remember that I wrote you of my marriage and of my going to my husband's home. Everything was auspicious, for the gods seemed to smile upon us, but it did not last, for they grew jealous of our joy. My husband loved me truly and was very kind. He was not as many are whose wives are their slaves, so that I worshipped him. My lot was a happy one and the days passed so swiftly. But some sin in my former life remained unexpiated, of which I have been forced to suffer the punishment. Who can know when to rejoice and when to fear?" said she sorrowfully.

Tears were now creeping down Seetamma's cheeks, but she sat without speaking a word, her hands tightly clenched, waiting for the story. She felt a great dread of some awful revelation, but she would not avoid it. She must know it all, must live it over with her companion. She looked upon the shorn head and jewelless form, noting every indication of degradation and shame. She flushed indignantly but restrained herself when Ratnamma continued.

"The days of darkness came quickly, when the gods cast their malign look upon me. My husband was stricken down, and I could read death in every line of his features long before the hour of its arrival. But does death ever tarry? It was a bitter trial, though I did not understand all that was to follow—how could I have borne it if I had? When my sister's husband died a few months later she threw herself into the well. She could not bear the thought of the degradation awaiting her. Wretched me that I could not die.

The fated hour came when my husband breathed his last. But woe was me!" she said, smiting her bosom—"Woe was me! My joy had fled, my fire had burned into ashes, leaving no glimmering to lighten my darkness. Smitten down by the gods, worm that I was, I must be crushed in the ashes of my sorrow. Oh, Seetamma, how can I tell you what followed! It was all so bitterly sad and cruel! Women in waiting rushed upon me regardless of my grief, not caring though my heart was breaking, and

tore away the ornaments plaited in my hair. Alas! It is gone now," she said, running her hand sorrowfully over her shorn head. Then, dropping it at her side, she continued:

"My bracelets also are gone. They were of beautiful and rare design—my husband's gift—but I was thrown down, and the merciless women, holding my arms on the ground, broke them off with heavy stones. My ear jewels also are gone. They were torn away by cruel hands which have left the evidences of their heartless haste behind in my mutilated ears. No pity was shown, for was I not an accursed thing? Were the gods not angry; and who can bear the anger of the gods?

Then came the march to the burning ground, a weary distance of four miles. The procession was formed, the men moving on in front, the women following closely veiled, while I, two hundred yards behind, was hurried along by the women that had stripped me of my jewels. There were six of them, all of whom seemed eager to inflict every possible suffering upon me. But one of their number moved on a little in advance, shouting shrilly to the passers by to give way to the accursed thing. Arrived at the river side they pushed me into the water where I fell and where I had to lie until the rites were over, and the party were ready to return. It was late in November, so that the wind was cold and I was chilled to the bone. A fever came on which burned me in sympathy with my tormentors. My garments were wet, my limbs ached, my head throbbed with pain, but I was dragged along until home was reached.

But sorrow had awaited my arrival also. I was burning with a mad thirst, but no one dared give me drink, until at last one poor woman, moved by my sufferings, unseen by the rest, brought me water. I drank and drank until sense came back, when I begged her to go away, promising I would not tell.

At home no one spoke comfort. My own mother turned away saying, 'Unhappy creature! I can't bear the thought of any one so vile—I wish she had never been born.'

Oh, how could I live when cursed by her who had borne me! But my sin was not yet expiated, so I must endure

My mother-in-law darted a fierce look at me saying, 'The horrid viper! She has bitten my son and killed him. Now he is dead and she, useless creature is left behind.' The others standing by consoled her. 'It's your daughter-in-law,' said they, 'vile thing, who has destroyed your house; curse her! For her sake you have to mourn the rest of your life.' But they cursed me bitterly, angrily exclaiming, 'What good are you? Why are you still living in the world'?

I could bear it no longer, for the grief and fever made me hysterical, but when I burst into tears they stood aghast, crying out, 'How immodest! How abandoned! See, she is crying for a husband! She has killed her husband and now she wants another.'

These were but the beginnings of my sorrows. I have been shunned, have received no word of consolation, have recoiled like a slave, have borne taunt and reproach, and have not known happiness since that fated day. They used to burn the widows, but, alas, that is not so now. Why did they stop the burning? Better a few hours pain than years of slow torture. And what is my future? I am an accursed thing who killed my husband, and have no hope except in shame or death."

Seetamma had never heard such a narrative of suffering and wrong. At first she was in a kind of maze, then she slowly began to comprehend what she was being told, while the forlorn attitude of her companion and her low thrilling tone of sadness wrung her heart. She had never imagined that such things could take place. It seemed to wound her; she bent down flushed with indignation; then she burned with shame; then followed a wild tumult of mingled feelings. She breathed with difficulty; the place seemed close, seemed to suffocate her; her brain reeled, her heart grew numb, her dreams were shattered every one, and she fell down before them like a wounded, helpless thing. She could not understand it at all. It seemed too terrible to be true. How could

a kind Father suffer such awful things to be done. Yes, and if the Christians' faith were true, and the Christian knew of such suffering, why were they so unconcerned? She sat listening as one in an awful dream, longing to wake and find it a dream. But it was true. The confirmation sat on hte mat before her. That dull face, those bleared eyes, the cheerless tones that grated upon her sensitive spirit—all convinced her of the reality.

She sank lower and lower; it seemed as though she could not bear it longer, but the weary recitation proceeded; lower and lower she sank—oh! she could not bear it. Then the memory of her aspirations again flashed upon her numbed spirit. It kindled her instantly. She flushed when she thought of her shrinking from the ordeal. She would hear all the story, every word; she would learn her sisters' sufferings and bring them relief. She was no longer a child. She had passed that stage, and now she had her purpose clearly defined. When her friend had finished, she was again calm, but very quiet. She pressed her hands to her bosom, looked her sympathy, then rose quickly and sped through the doorwayto her own room across the courtyard.

Arrived there she sat down, shook herself as though nerving herself to the task, clenched her hands after her usual manner when greatly excited, then she looked upward and registered her vow.

"All-Father! Thou who carest for all, and forgettest none, forget me not until I forget my sisters, but help me as long as I live for them. This is all—Amen."

It was a strange prayer, still it was characteristic of her. She has put her hand to the work. It is no less than breaking the fetters that bind her sisters and bringing them relief. How the fetters are to be broken she is not at all clear. One thing alone possesses her, that they must be broken. Such is her disenchantment, and such her resolution.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORK IN ELLAPATNAM.

IN one of his letters the apostle to the Gentiles tells us that he became all things to all men that he might by all means save some. This doubtless goes far to explain his success in Christian work.

If all men were alike, if their thought were cast in the same mould, if their circumstances were precisely the same, and if all emphasized with like stress the same things in life, one mode of work might adapt itself to all classes. But such is not the case anywhere in any country, and, accordingly, Christian men of experience adapt themselves and their work to the community which they desire to influence.

Clifton early discerned that he could not reach all classes after the same fashion. For in a Hindu town there is as much variety in the circumstances of the people as in any town in England or America. If anything, the social divisions are more numerous as well as more sharply drawn. In many of the Hindu towns each caste has its own separate quarter—for instance, there is the Brahman quarter, the merchants' quarter, the weavers' quarter, the farmers' quarter, the Mala or Madiga quarter, each one of these confining himself to his own quarter and shaping his life after the ancient model of his forefathers.

In Hindu life everything hinges on birth. If one be born a Brahmin he can never be aught else than a Brahmin, while one unfortunately born lower down in the

order of caste must live and die in the class in which he was born. Conduct in a previous existence no doubt fixed the grade of birth, still, even conduct has very circumscribed limits, since it cannot leap intervening distances. There are just so many possible modes of existence — 8,400,000 in all — each of which must be passed through in regular order, to attain the highest. Accordingly, that which a Hindu attains only after eighty-four hundred thousand existences have been put on and put off, is naturally something to be desired. And more especially is this the case, inasmuch as the Hindu who has been finally born a Brahmin, if he fulfils the duties pertaining to his caste, escapes further birth and attains the Hindu heaven—absorption into Brahma. Whereas a violation of caste condemns the transgressor to begin the weary succession of births from the bottom again. Hence the chief anxiety of every Hindu is to retain his caste inviolate. But association with a lower caste is a prime offence, so that it is no marvel that caste lines are sharply drawn, making any attempt at social unity impossible.

Now, what the Hindu aspires after, is liberation from being interminably born and re-born. He longs for a state wherein further birth is impossible. These aspirations have moved wise men to search out some shorter way of attaining their end. This they have found to be "meditation." Those whose circumstances and dispositions make a life of "meditation" possible can thus cut off the "eighty-four" and shake off existence. But as this life is possible to very few the long line of births is the *via dolorosa* of the multitude.

Christianity meets the case and brings relief, not by disregarding all natural distinctions, but by insisting on a birth into a new order of things, of such efficacy that it meets the case of every one, no matter where found in the line of births. For in Christ there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Brahman nor Pariah. Hindus have some truth, but so mixed with error as to be almost irrecoverable. They believe they have somehow become separated from God, and that they must strive after union with Him, which to their darkened minds

seems attainable only after millions of existences have been lived. Christianity teaches separation from God and at the same time shows how re-union becomes possible. The error of the Hindu consists in his misunderstanding the true nature of this separation from God and re-union with Him But there is more in his mis-conception than at first appears. His conclusions are reached somewhat as follows. He is painfully conscious of great unrest, and that nothing in life will sooth his unrest and bring him peace. If there were a self-conscious God, His existence must be even more wretched than his own, since He has larger capabilities, for he thinks of Him as like himself. But he cannot think of God in a state of infinite unrest, hence he concludes that God being supremely happy must be supremely unconscious of his own existence. His own trouble is, that somehow he, as part of God, has attained to a state of self-consciousness, and that while it lasts he can have no unbroken peace.

This conscious existence stretches itself over vast ages by reason of his possibilities of being born and re-born. Unable therefore to stay his search into the mystery of things, he has been drawn on and on in his quest, until his unrest has driven him to these conclusions. Separation from God—sin—meant therefore birth into self-consciousness, Salvation—liberation—means escape from this conscious mode of existence into unconsciousness, and thus back into the great unconscious Brahma.

This certainly is gloomy philosophy—salvation meaning extinction—yet such as it is, it has no finality, for the accident that produced the first conscious existence may regularly reproduce it, so that the struggling Hindu cannot be sure that his heaven, even when attained, can hold him. Something of which he knows nothing may again drag him into a personal conscious existence to labor through other millions of births back to quiescence.

Of the Ellapatnam people not many thought deeply or even earnestly on these subjects, still there were some that did, and for any such Clifton always had time.

He had been in Ellapatnam some months, when one of these characters paid him a visit. The man was a

Sudra, of coarse, homely features, with deep sunken eyes that glittered with a peculiar fascination, altogether ungainly in appearance and uncouth in speech. He took the seat offered him, sat down upon the very edge of it and, working his hand nervously, for a time sat without a word. Clifton came to his relief, asked him his business, and kindly inquired what he could do for him.

"You are the gentleman that can solve all deep problems, I am told," said the Hindu, at last finding speech, and looking earnestly into the missionary's face.

"You have been misinformed, my friend," returned Clifton quietly, "but there are some grave questions that concern every man's welfare here and hereafter of which I have knowledge."

"How are you informed that there is a hereafter?" came abruptly from the stranger.

"God has revealed it in His word," replied Clifton, reaching for his Bible.

"Ah!" The exclamation was one of disappointment. "So you have recourse, after the fashion of the ignorant, to revelation?" put in the Hindu disdainfully.

"I admit it," was the prompt reply. "But am I to understand that you have no need of revelation?" The question was offensive.

"My name is Sangasi of Ellagudem, a village three miles distant. Know you not of my reputation"?

"Yes, I have heard mention of your name, but as I have not seen you until the present, I can scarcely be expected to know whence you are. But allow me to ask a question in return. How are you informed that there is a future"?

"I have seen into it," was the ready but unexpected answer. The man evidently was serious. This Clifton saw.

"And what of the future"? inquired Clifton further.

"What of the future? Even as your book describes—a place of bliss and one of woe. There is no intermediate state."

"And who are they that attain unto bliss"? was the next question.

"Even they who have passed through the 84 lacs of births, and have worked out their destiny. But some gifted with the power of meditation pass on before the others, seeing into the essence of things and thus avoiding the countless intermediate births."

"Is the bliss you speak of eternal"?

"How"? queried the Hindu in surprise.

"The bliss you speak of is the same that was enjoyed previous to birth into separate existence. May not the order of births repeat itself? What assurance have you to the contrary"?

The Hindu at first did not comprehend the question, whereupon Clifton repeated it.

After a pause he replied that he had none. He then changed to the other edge of his stool, and, after two or three glances about the room, settled into a listening attitude. He evidently had no more to say.

Clifton now opened his Bible and read to him the opening chapters in Genesis, depicting man's creation and fall. The story is matchlessly simple, and at once caught the Hindu's attention. Then followed some chapters depicting man's wickedness and God's fearful judgments. The Hindu began to grow restless. But the reading continued, the reader searching out the darkest pictures and emphasizing with solemn earnestness God's denunciations against sin. The picture grew darker and darker, while the denunciations and judgments became more and more fearful. The Hindu, with his vivid imagination, saw the smoking mount, heard the reverberating thunders, and, as the voice of God sounded clear above every other sound, trembled with the people.

He grew more restless, moved uneasily, but still changed his stool ever nearer the reader, watching for the words as they fell from the reader's lips.

The book was new to him, so that the descriptions fell upon his heated fancy with a wonderful force. But gradually the thunderings died away, the denunciations and judgments ceased, while there followed vivid descriptions of God's yearnings and love for the children of men. Isaiah's fifty-third chapter was slowly read, the reader's voice

trembling over some of the passages. The Hindu did not comprehend it, still he drew a sigh of relief, which deepened as he caught the reader's sympathy, which he could not but feel was melting into love for him.

After a time the reading ceased. There had been very little comment; only an occasional word of explanation to help the hearer follow the story. When the reading ceased the spell broke, whereupon the Hindu righted his turban, hitched up his lower cloth, and took his departure as abruptly as he had come.

Weeks passed before he appeared again, but the missionary had not forgotten him. He had somehow been drawn out to him in a peculiar way, and could not but believe that he would return. And so he did. But this time his bearing was greatly altered. His haughtiness and self-assuming were entirely gone. He came in bent to the earth before the missionary, touched the missionary's feet, then touched his own head, after which he sat down on the mat. His meaning was that he accepted the missionary as his teacher.

He wanted to learn more of the Book, he said. It was fearful in the book, but it was more fearful not to know all that was written there. He would hear more. And so he did. Day after day he returned with the one request: he would hear more. Upon Clifton offering to give him a copy he at first declined, but afterwards accepted it, and spent much of his time in its study.

His mind, which he had been endeavoring to soothe into quiescence, soon began to waken under the influence of the Spirit, and for a time he had fearful soul anguish. But in the end light broke in and Sangasi became a humble follower of Christ. His conversion when known, created quite a *furore* of excitement, for he was a well-known character, and highly revered for his sanctity by all who knew him. But when he began to sing new songs and tell a new story, the amazement at first was great indeed. This, however, soon gave way to indignation on the part of the leaders of the people, and there were not wanting those who annoyed and persecuted the converted Sangasi to the full extent of their power. His previous

sanctity was now questioned, for a Sudra he had been born, and a Sudra he remained, his meditation having been merely assumed. All kinds of reasons were invented to explain his strange action, but sincerity was not one.

The people, though in the main inclined to follow their teachers, were not averse to Sangasi's new doctrine. They gave him a hearing whenever he visited their villages. Still their amazement did not wholly subside for a long time, for they could not understand the change, when no apparent gain seemed to be forthcoming.

After Clifton's work had developed somewhat, he came to take a large part in it, but at first what he did was done apart, though he continued coming to learn more of the Book.

We have said that there were three thousand non-caste people in Ellapatnam. These Clifton by no means neglected. But his work had to be timed and suited to their circumstances. As in the days of Whitefield and the Wesleys, early morning only could furnish an audience of the working people, so in India, the missionary who desires to meet the great coolie population must be early astir. Thus in early morning, before the sun had broken from his night's sleep and shewn himself above the horizon, Clifton was to be found in the non-caste quarter, surrounded by twenty, fifty, one hundred, two hundred of the people, to whom he preached in their broken colloquial speech the love of God in Christ. Men, women, and children made up his congregation, presenting themselves in all stages of preparation for the day's work in the fields. It was by no means an easy congregation to interest. The burdens of daily life so weighted their thoughts that they could not rise above bodily wants and satisfactions, except with difficulty. The great marshalling cry was "rice." For that these people labored. That once gained, they rested content with full stomachs, and a hut wherein to sleep.

Again, their dense ignorance was an equally great hindrance. Their thoughts were confined to their own immediate wants, seldom straying into the domain of a future life. They knew four words: sin and merit, heaven and hell. But their misconceptions of these were almost heart-

breaking. No one can appreciate what preaching to such an assembly means, except the one who has faced a similar company elsewhere.

No half acquisition of the language, no half-hearted preaching, no modulated declamation will answer in such circumstances. A ready use of their scant vocabulary, a large sympathetic heart, a burning passionate proclamation, awful denunciation of sin, living, breathing representations of the terrible agonies of the lost, and yearning entreaty mingled with love and tears alone can reach such a people.

Clifton's work among them was not fruitful in immediate results. But he labored with all the intensity of his unflagging zeal. On moonlight evenings he found specially good opportunities for reaching them. The day's work over, the evening meal finished, the people were then quite ready to sit for almost any length of time while the missionary taught them about eternal things.

Moreover, he started what may be called a Sunday School, though little resembling any of that name in America. Having with difficulty secured a small room—for, in India, every thing is secured with difficulty—he started his school, getting his pupils by promising to give a dammadi—one-fifth of a cent—to all who came. His "boy" and waterman, being Christians, were enlisted for service in this work. Their knowledge, though very limited, was extensive as compared with the ignorance of those whom they were to help instruct.

The instruction consisted in teaching them some Christian hymns, with easy verses from the Bible. After the first few Sundays those only who remembered and repeated the verse of the previous Sunday received the money dole, while something extra was given to those who could repeat all the verses taught at the end of each quarter. But these latter were not many.

He also made large use of pictures in helping them to a better knowledge of things. For example he on one occasion unrolled before them a splendid picture representing a great throng of happy, laughing, well-featured children robed in snowy white, with plenty of every kind of fruit, food and drink, near by of which they could freely partake,

while in the rear were beautiful tiled houses with low verandahs on which were seated the parents watching the pleasures of their children. It was an Indian scene and every face an Indian face, but wonderfully illumined. It was a representation of peace, joy and plenty. The picture was a striking one, and drew every eye, for nothing is so captivating to a Indian crowd as illustrations. Every one recognized it, but it seemed such a contrast to their squalid homes, that they looked at it half in awe. The missionary took advantage of this by telling them that the picture represented heaven, and that everyone might have the privilege of going there. He spoke simply, graphically, of the kind Father, of His erring children, of His sending His Son, of His Son's love for them, and His death for them that they might be happy here, and at last be received into heaven. In a few minutes the story was told, but upon questioning them he found that they had been thinking of the picture rather than his words, so that he suddenly rolled it up, saying, he would give it to any one who could tell him what he had said. No one was able, whereupon he told them that the first one who succeeded should have it.

The promise of the dammadi was wonderfully effective. It might seem a small inducement, yet it almost filled him with dismay to see its drawing power, for it brought nearly three hundred children and grown people. His room was small, so that they crowded it to its utmost holding capacity. Be it remembered that a company of non-caste Hindu children can crowd into an almost incredibly small space, while the heavy odor they emit from every pore in their bodies impregnates every particle of air in the room. Clifton, however, gave little heed to externals. The unkempt hair, the soiled, tattered shreds of clothing wrapped about some of them, to enable them to make a fair appearance, the unwashed faces, hands and bodies, the nakedness, stupidity and ignorance of the crowd, only moved him to try to reach the strange spirits that were housed in the forms before him and that looked out upon him through a multitude of eyes, Thus in every possible way, in order that he might save some, did he labor among

these poor, forgotten and neglected people. Christ had died for them; therefore they also must hear the story.

He was one only among such multiudes of people; and as he came to appreciate more fully the difficulties of the work, and realize that he could reach but a very limited number with the gospel, it was natural to long for more workers in such a harvest field. Fresh from such scenes; crushed almost to earth under such burdens, he wrote burning letters to the home churches, revealing the destitution, and asking for helpers. But all his time was not thus spent. He worked among the caste people also—sometimes gathering a small audience about him and preaching to them the unsearchable riches of Christ; at other times sitting on their low verandahs, with the master of the house, and any others that happened to join them, he conversed familiarly with them, speaking of man's ruined state, and of redemption. Thus, frequently, on his returning from preaching to the non-caste people, when he could retain them no longer on account of their having to leave for the fields, did he pass the house of some unengaged native, whereupon, if he could induce a hearing, he straightway preached Christ. He also frequented their places of congregating, which he was often able to convert into places of preaching. There was no street in Ellapatnam unvisited by him; no class of people neglected; from the officials of the town to the meanest outcast, from the proud Brahman to the despised Pariah—to one and all did he consider himself a debtor, and as much as in him lay did he preach the gospel to every class.

Ellapatnam could boast of some intelligence, some education, some profound thinking, and some acquaintance with general topics of interest. In a town of 8,000 people it would have been surprising indeed if there had not been a few possessed of some enterprise. One attempt by which enterprise sought to find vent was, as we have already mentioned, the starting of a reading-room. But the chief thing of pride to the town was its native club. In this assembled its teachers, its aristocracy, its men of brilliant parts, so that here the intellectual life of the place was focussed.

The club was mostly literary, and held its meetings fortnightly. But the term "literary," as understood by the members of the club, comprised everything debateable: Astronomy, local politics, national interests, and religious matters—in fact every subject had a religious aspect, so that the society was really more religious than literary. Its meetings, at first convened in a building rented for the purpose, were at this stage of our story held in a hall that had been built by Mr. Rama Rao to commemorate the the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. The building was completed early in '87, some months before Mr. Rama Rao's return. As it was designed for public use, the meetings of the club came to be held there.

Clifton had watched the building while in construction, intending to put in a claim for use also. He was well acquainted with the great man's agent, for he had helped him with the plans, which insured its being well built and adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. At Clifton's suggestion a belfry was included in the plans. In this a fine bell was hung which was rung every day at seven, twelve and six.

When Clifton intimated his desire to the agent, asking the use of the hall for one evening in the week, and explaining his object, the agent at once complied. At the opening of the hall, Clifton was present as one of the speakers, whose part it was to recount the chief events in the Queen's reign, with special reference to India. It is generally known that the Jubilee was, owing to the oncoming of the hot reason, celebrated in India on the 16th February, months earlier than the celebration in England. For the latter celebration Mr. Rama Rao had remained, so that he was not present at the former, except as represented by his agent, and his gift. It is not the purpose of this narrative to stay for a description of this event, the mention is made merely in so far as it comes into this history.

Afterwards Clifton commenced weekly meetings in the hall, to which he invited the members of the club, and any others whom he could induce to attend. His audiences on these occasions were very uncertain—indeed everything

is uncertain in ordinary Indian life—so that he knew not what his audience would be, or whether there would be any at all, until the hour arrived, or rather until about an hour after the appointed time, for, though the bell was rung at the time specified, the natives came in after a most irregular fashion. It was at these meetings that Sangasi first came to be of use to the missionary, for he was a fine singer, and so could bridge over the irregular first part of the meeting, besides preparing the audience for Clifton's addresses. These were always informal, open to any questions bearing on the subject under discussion, though questioning was never allowed to run into license.

Rather more than two years have slipped by since Clifton's first arrival at Ellapatnam, so that we find him now well initiated into the work. It was about this time that Mr. Rama Rao returned, with whom Clifton very early formed a close acquaintance, and who is intimately connected with the remaining events of this narrative.

CHAPTER IX.

DR. RAMA RAO.

EVERY missionary finds it expedient to know something of medicine. It matters not whether he has any predilections that way or not, he cannot remain altogether ignorant of it, for necessity knows no law, and the missionary early finds himself mixed up in all sorts of cases, from the slightest ailment to natural deformity. In Eastern lands disease never entirely disappears. It seems to have there a wider as well as more fertile field in which to thrive. Indeed it grows unpleasantly familiar, for it confronts one at every turn and often in perplexingly diverse forms.

Clifton, upon arrival, like the generality of missionaries, knew simply nothing of medicine. Though qualifying for mission work he had not turned his mind in that direction. But once in India, his circumstances underwent a complete change; for he found disease more rampant even than poverty, being met by it on all sides, in every variety of form, and in every stage of development. And the moving cause was that unless he gave what relief he could, in multitudes of cases none at all would be afforded. There were a few doctors but these were in government employ, and stationed at the centres of official administration only. Hospitals had also been opened at the chief towns in the district, which were presided over by native dressers who had passed certain prescribed examinations. Beyond this, no provision was made to relieve the sick and dying. Of

course the native doctor lived and throve, but it was largely at the expense rather than relief of the people.

Under such circumstances the missionary gives what relief he can, which often is a good deal, for a very little knowledge goes a long way in prescribing for the more common, and happily the more numerous cases. Clifton soon acquired some knowledge to which every day's experience added. In his treatment he had very little recourse to European drugs, for he could find in almost every Indian bazaar, Indian roots and drugs that far better answered his purpose, besides being ready to hand and cheap. Of these he acquired a fair knowledge from Dr. Waring's Book on Bazaar Medicines, an excellent *vade mecum*, written in popular form, and therefore easily read. It can be procured for a few shillings, and is a book without which no missionary should attempt Indian practice. "Moore's Family Medicines" is also an invaluable aid. Of course there are cases that none except a skilled physician can prescribe for, but these are not relatively numerous, while the ordinary diseases that can easily be relieved are legion, every village teeming with them. If the missionary adds prayer to his prescriptions, the latter are all the more acceptable, for the average Hindu has more faith in mandrams, or incantations, than in drugs. But as he is ready to confound prayer with incantation, Clifton came to think that it should be sparingly used in connection with prescriptions, except in the secret chambers of the heart.

The practitioner does not experience any difficulty in inducing his patients to take his mixtures, for the native is quite ready to drink any quantity of medicine; and he will drink it, well or unwell, all the same; in the former case presumably as a possible preventive. He will also come with the slightest ailments. A pain, no matter where located, no matter how slight or transient, if heavy enough to make its presence felt, calls, in his estimation, for treatment. And it is no easy matter to discriminate in such cases inasmuch as what may seem unworthy of notice to the missionary, may, in the sequel, be sufficient cause on the part of the native for dying.

People seem to die very easily in India—ill in the

morning, carried out to the burning or burial ground at night. Deadly reptiles crouch along the pathway, deadly breezes strike the unwary, while disease deadly and certain lurks everywhere. There, then, Clifton had no occasion to search for opportunities to show his sympathy or test his skill. These came all too thickly upon him, and times came when he had to prescribe in critical cases. One such it falls within the scope of this history to narrate.

It was an evening in September, the atmosphere was close, the heat oppressive. Clifton was just making ready to set out upon his evening's work, when his attention was suddenly arrested by some commotion in the street, ten yards or so distant. Coming out on the front verandah, he saw that some person of distinction had stopped just in front of his bungalow. If such had business with him it would have been customary for some servant to have announced the coming of the visitor, but no servant appeared, so that Clifton might have safely concluded that he had no concern in the matter. But the unwonted commotion and excitement convinced him that something unusual was occurring, so that without more ado he hurried into the street to find the Rajah of the district dangerously ill and unable to go farther. His attendants seemed to have lost their senses, for they were rushing from one side of the carriage to the other, then away from it, and then back again, all the time talking excitedly and gesticulating wildly. Clifton readily took in the circumstances, pushed the attendants unceremoniously aside, caught up the Rajah, and before anyone could interfere had borne the sick man into his bungalow and placed him upon a cot. Clifton saw at a glance what was wrong, for he had seen too many cases of cholera to mistake the disease. There was not a minute to lose. He at once applied a remedy that he kept always on hand, which failing would be followed by a second and different treatment. The case was a critical one and happily there was no occasion for Clifton to rely upon his own skill. He had but that morning been informed by his servants that Mr. Rama Rao had returned a great doctor, and could cure every disease. Not that he put any confidence in the gossip that he heard, but he knew

sufficiently of Mr. Rama Rao to believe him an excellent physician, and one in love with his work. Having heard something of him before, and knowing that he might have some connection with him on his return, he had informed himself somewhat particularly about the Hindu doctor. He ascertained that the Hindu had attracted the attention of London physicians through some original suggestions in regard to the treatment of certain cases of infectious diseases, and that not a little was expected of him.

Hurriedly writing a note, he sent his servant at once to call the Hindu doctor, who, happily being at home, came immediately. Clifton met him at the door, shewed him in, informed him what he had done, and then placed the patient in the Hindu's care. But he merely said that nothing better at the moment could be done—that they must wait developments. "But," said he aside, upon learning the particulars of the case. "Have you not put yourself in needless danger? Should the Rajah die here your work will be at an end in Ellapatnam, and the surrounding district. Besides, you have forced the Prince to break caste—you will understand what that means?"

"Yes, only too well," replied Clifton; "but I have no occasion to fear anything while in the discharge of duty. The consequences are not mine to consider."

The Hindu smiled, as much as to say that the quality of the action should be determined upon consideration of the consequences that follow. Clifton saw the smile and read his thought, but took no care to answer it. He merely continued, "The man is terribly ill and needs the best care we can give him; but you are in the same predicament, how about yourself?"

"I have no care about myself in the matter," returned the Hindu composedly.

They then turned to the sick man, when, upon Clifton expressing some anxiety about him, the Hindu assured him that everything possible was being done. "This is not," said he, "a solitary case, for there are several cholera cases in the town. I attended two this morning, one of which was fatal—I was called too late. I fear we may have a regular outbreak, and if so, I shall have reached

Ellapatnam just in season. But we shall hope these are desultory cases only, and that it will spread no further. It is a marvel that there is not a greater mortality than there is, for the people disregard every law of health, and then think the god is angry if they are smitten. They havn't much sense in practical matters. If you succeed in rooting out some of these deadly superstitions you will have done a good work, and will not have denied yourself the comforts of civilization to no purpose. This is my own aim; but we work under different colors."

"I shall be glad to share my colors with you," responded Clifton earnestly, "and you will find them winning colors, I assure you."

"No, no," interjected the Hindu, "I am ready to share in your undertaking to enlighten the masses; but I warn you beforehand I am ill-disposed towards your beliefs. They are immeasurably better than Hindu beliefs, no doubt, but the difference is in degree only, not in kind. How intelligent Europeans and Americans can still cling to them puzzles me, I confess."

"I presume they adhere to them because they are intelligent," replied the missionary quietly, yet with a slight emphasis. "At least rest assured they can give good reasons for the hope within them."

"Doubtless their reasons satisfy themselves. But a truce to this; we shall be crossing swords soon. We are to be neighbors, I understand, and that we may be sociable ones let us have an auspicious beginning."

The Hindu had drawn the fire, but he did not choose to stand under it. He was inclined to be loquacious, but not on religious matters; for such he had no place. Clifton's remarks had slipped out almost unconsciously: the inner man had spoken, revealing an earnestness in strange contrast with the Hindu's lightness. But the Hindu could be serious on other subjects, as Clifton soon discovered, for he fell in with him frequently, and had ample opportunity to measure the man. Moreover, he seemed to have an almost perfect control over himself, so that he was ever the calm, even character that the missionary at first found him.

The illness of the Prince was thus the occasion of bringing the missionary and the Hindu into contact. Both were strong men, but there could be little comparison; for the missionary's strength was of God, while the Hindu's strength was of himself.

The conversation dropped, the two turning their attention to the sick man, who was now progressing favorably. Upon the doctor's appearance the attendants who had previously shown signs of uneasiness, and a readiness to carry the sick man out of the missionary's bungalow, had fallen back into that helpless state into which Hindus collapse so readily. The doctor remained until late, sending a message to his daughter explaining his absence. When the patient was out of danger and had fallen into a deep sleep from exhaustion, the doctor took his leave, promising to call early in the morning, but first imperiously dismissing every attendant, since they were hindrances instead of helps.

The next day at evening the doctor permitted the removal of the sick man, as the excitement of the people grew more and more intense the longer the Prince remained in the missionary's dwelling. The distance, moreover, to a caste man's house was trifling, so that the patient was removed without difficulty. In a few days the Prince had largely regained his strength, and manifested his appreciation of Clifton's service by promising to do for him at any time anything that would forward his work.

The missionary had thus gained the good will of the Prince, which would prevent any hindrance to his work in the future. It meant protection, to him and his Christians, from the manifold petty annoyances that the ill-disposed among the natives were only too ready to create.

CHAPTER X.

MR. RAMA RAO'S WELCOME TO HIS NATIVE TOWN.

"I AM not sure that we should have gone to so much trouble over Mr. Rama Rao's return. He has been absent from Ellapatnam almost a dozen years, so that he will be more foreign than native. I never favored this mad scheme of crossing the seas for western ideas, for when such of our people as do so return, they are so wise and enlightened that nothing pleases them The old customs must go to the wall—our marriages are too expensive, our children marry too young, our widows should re-marry, our women should be educated, our *caste* is narrow and should be abandoned; in a word, all the good old ways of our fathers must be given up to make way for a new order of things born of yesterday. No, no, I am not in favor of this welcome at all, and I am sorry that you have committed us to such an extent that we cannot draw back."

The above was spoken by Mr. Venkata Krishnayya, a wealthy and influential Brahmin of Ellapatnam, to the chief native official of the place, Mr. Subbarao. The latter had been instrumental in organizing a meeting to welcome Mr. Rama Rao on his return to his native place.

The official was greatly pleased on account of the doctor's return, and for several reasons. Mr. Subbarao was now well turned thirty, and had a good English education, besides holding a good position. He cultivated English people and English ideas, adopted their dress and imitated their style of living. Many of his friends de-

murred at it, but his position overcame all demurrings, so that he was left in peace to go his own gait as he would. Now Mr. Rama Rao was also a man of both wealth and position, besides being to a large extent Englishified, so that the young man looked forward to his return with some anticipation. Rumor had also been busy with Mr. Rama Rao's daughter, who was said to be highly accomplished in everything English, besides being learned in Sanscrit, and having read the ancient classics of India—indeed she was said to be even more clever and of higher culture than the famous Ramabai.

Now Mr. Subbarao was still unmarried, his marriage having been deferred in early youth because his parents could not secure a suitable child, and having been deferred later on account of his own disinclination to marry any that he knew in Ellapatnam. But he was now well settled in life, having been graduated from the Madras University with the degree of B.A., and having also worked his way up through several subordinate positions until he now held a comfortable post on rupees 200 per month, which to a native of his tastes and expenditures was affluence. Accordingly, everything else having been so well attended to, he now began to cast about for a suitable marriage. His quest had so far been unsuccessful, not that parents were not ready to marry their girls, but because none attainable suited his tastes. But upon learning of Mr. Rama Rao's intended return, his mind turned to that gentleman's daughter, and as rumor, exceedingly rife in India, had bestowed upon her many wonderful qualities, he began to think of her as one who might be a fitting companion for him. He had a single fear, that she might be too English and have too strong an English mind to suit him. But these fears were dispelled upon Mr. Rama Rao's return. The enterprising official made it opportune to meet him very soon after his arrival, and was fortunate in seeing at the same time the doctor's daughter.

Hence he was most enthusiastic over Mr. Rama Rao's coming, and, having large influence in the town, had started the idea of giving Mr. Rama Rao a regular welcome to Ellapatnam. To a few of his friends he had privately

broached the idea, and upon its meeting with their sympathy and approval, he had called a special meeting of the officers of the club to advise and make arrangements. These were soon made, and the meeting was fixed for a week hence, giving each one time to make ready for the occasion.

The announcement then followed in due course, whereupon Mr. Subbarao took upon himself the part of acquainting Mr. Rama Rao of the kind intentions of his townspeople. The doctor was very affable, expressed himself pleased at their thought for him, and intimated his readiness to attend the meeting of welcome.

But not all were so enthusiastic as Mr. Subbarao, his friends, and the promoters of the meeting. There were some old conservative Brahmins, who had remained unaffected by the ameliorating influence of English occupancy, and who still adhered with wonderful tenacity to everything Indian, resisting every tendency towards progress or the introduction of a new order of things. Such are found in every community, but they are very characteristic of a country like India.

It was one of these latter that had, upon Mr. Subbarao's invitation to the welcome meeting, broken out as above recorded.

The young man, ever ready to conciliate, answered most deferentially, salaaming low: "Be it according to your pleasure, my honored father, for any of us would grieve to offend you in the slightest matter. We know full well," continued the official, after the usual Indian fashion of flattery, "we know full well that none can be so well qualified to judge of these matters as you are, since you have grown old in India, your heart ever growing warmer towards our Indian customs. But if you will allow me to remind you of the fact, you have not met this gentleman since his return—a pleasure which I sincerely hope you will not deny yourself. I have met him on several occasions and, though it is true that he has embraced some dangerously liberal views, he still manifested the warmest interest in the country, of which his return is a substantial proof. If you will bear with me I will recount

his claims to a reception at our hands. First and foremost is his munificent gift of the fine hall that graces our main street, and improves so much the appearance of the place. He is also in the good graces of the Prince, which is a consideration. Moreover he is proprietor of the town, therefore wealthy, and therefore to be cultivated. Above all, he is a most skilful physician, having diplomas from several institutions, and having already won some distinction in his profession. To all these qualifications we must add the greater one — that he comes back to us with liberal intentions of helping us in any work that will tend to the betterment of the town. In his own person he is very affable and most entertaining, being versed in all the sciences; besides being an excellent Sanscrit pundit. The last qualification none can appreciate better than yourself, for have you not bewailed the present neglect of Sanscrit and sighed for a return of the good old days of the past when Brahmin youths had no higher aspirations than to pass their lives in the study of that holy language. You will come, therefore, to the meeting to make us happy with your presence and add the weight of your influence to the occasion."

The old man, half mollified by the deferential tone of the promising young official, yet unwilling to admit that he had been influenced by anything the younger man had advanced, replied in a tone meant to be protesting.

"It is even as I fear. The country is going to ruin apace, and we must crown it all by giving a welcome to a returned Hindu, who is now more foreigner than native, and who will be undermining all our sacred customs. I venture to say that the speech which responds to your welcome will be an earnest of what I predict. Such is the irony of fate. But forsooth as I cannot stay the tide I may as well attend and mark another step in our national decline."

Mr. Subbarao stayed to hear nothing further, but accepting of this as full consent, he made his salaams, and betook himself to his office to attend to his official duties.

When the evening fixed by the committee for the public meeting arrived, the leading men of the place began to

assemble in the town hall, after their usual dilatory fashion, dropping in one after another until the hall was well filled. It was a great event, second only in importance to the Governor's visit, that had taken place six months earlier, so that the grandees of the place came together with quite a flutter of spirits. The audience was fairly representative of the caste community, and rather monopolized the intellect, for nearly all the natives of ability were present.

Mr. Subbarao was chairman of the meeting, which he opened with a great flourish of trumpets. What he said in answer to his conservative Brahmin friend will suffice to give the reader an idea of his opening address, in the delivery of which he found the resources of the language meagre to express his views as to the importance of the occasion.

Upon the chairman resuming his seat, the address of welcome, carefully prepared by the committee, was read by one of their number. It was a most elaborate affair, for natives know of no other way of giving importance to their addresses. It would have been natural at this point for the returned countryman to have responded, but the proceedings were lengthened out to give place for several speeches meant to complement the address of welcome, so that the sentiments of the community should be presented in all their fulness.

Nor had the missionary been overlooked in making out the programme. His address was the last in order of welcome, and just before Mr. Rama Rao's response. Clifton thus being called upon for an expression of his sentiments, came forward, bowing low to the chairman and to the audience and expressed a hope that he would not offend if he addressed them in their own colloquial speech.

For all the speeches had been in English, the address also being written in that language. This was with the intent that the various speakers might have an opportunity to display their knowledge of English, of which they were not a little proud. The week preceding had given them opportunity to cull a choice selection of idiomatic expressions, many of which had little relation to the subject, but that was the fault of the language.

Clifton knew that very few besides the speakers got an intelligent idea of what was transpiring, hence, naturally desiring an audience rather than an opportunity for display, he addressed the meeting in Telugu. The effect was instantaneous, for the interest, which had lagged before, at once revived.

Clifton had the gift of speech, and was *facile princeps* of the speakers present. He never spoke without gaining his audience, nor did he fail on this occasion. Indeed it was much like a former occasion, for "when they heard that he spoke in the Telugu tongue to them, they kept the more silence." Moreover, he spoke Telugu as idiomatically and fluently as any Telugu present, while his speech was entirely free from accent, so that he was sometimes called the "white Brahmin." The doctor listened with much interest, his interest deepening into surprise as he followed the remarks of the missionary, and noted the impression they made on the audience. In spite of difference in language, thought, and aspirations, here was a speaker that drew his audience into sympathy with him, so that they listened to him with hearty accord, though at times he spoke in the very teeth of their convictions. His remarks, however, were in line with the occasion, but even then were made to do service. A brief quotation will suffice to show this.

"I am not concerned," said he in the course of his speech, "to conceal my pleasure at the opportunity afforded me to join with you in welcoming your countryman on his return to his native place, after so long a stay abroad. I do so the more readily, because I am fully alive to the vital importance of the principles that he will most certainly bring with him. For without questioning the tenets of your faith, I cannot refrain, in order to give point to my address, from calling your attention to a very pernicious state of mind into which many of you have fallen. I refer to the indolent and in some cases indifferent acquiescence in former modes of thought and habits of life. Such a state of mind is not beneficial, for whatever one holds and practices he should hold and practice intelligently. The reason so often given that 'my ancestors did thus, therefore

I follow,' is no reason at all. The only valid reason that anyone can give, is that he adheres to these principles because they approve themselves to him. Now your worthy countryman has returned from a land where every man makes it his boast to be able to give a reason for the faith within him; and though that faith may be a bad one, at times, such a state of things is preferable to stagnation. Now I fully believe that Mr. Rama Rao is possessed of a large measure of this inquiring spirit, and if I may be permitted to express a single regret amid such universal rejoicings, it is that our excellent friend has stayed his inquiries short of their legitimate conclusions.

He will certainly advocate some essential changes, making good his advocacy with convincing arguments, so that I hail his arrival among you less warmly only than I would that of one with my own convictions."

Mr. Rama Rao, the lion of the evening, was now called for, and was hailed with a perfect furore of cheering, for Hindus are wildly demonstrative.

With perfect ease and possession of mind the doctor awaited the first lull, when he broke in upon them with his address. It was also in Telugu, whereupon every one gave double heed, bending eagerly forward to catch every word.

"He would also follow the missionary's example and respond to their address of welcome in his native tongue, which privilege he knew they would readily concede to him, inasmuch as years had intervened since he had enjoyed such an opportunity. He hoped, moreover, that he would be as truly Indian, in the use of his native language, as his friend the missionary, and he knew that his audience would not share the regret expressed by that gentleman that he had not embraced the Christian faith." This last allusion won for him the good-will of even the most conservative present, so that having once put himself on their side, though they drew more from his remarks than he intended, he could express himself more freely. This he proceeded to do, but prudently and in moderation, that he might not outrun the sympathies of his audience.

It was now Clifton's opportunity to see Mr. Rama Rao at his best, an opportunity of which he took advantage to

study the Hindu, and arrive as nearly as possible at his princ ples. It soon appeared that, though cautious and careful to secure his advance, he would advance fearlessly along the line of his convictions. He seemed candid and open to the reception of truth—indeed his favorite maxim seemed to be a passage he quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer, "One should love truth more than victory." He would be a Saul among his countrymen, towering head and shoulders above them, but the grace of God could convert him into a Paul; so thought the missionary as he sat and listened to his utterances.

Without a jar the meeting came to a close, but of those who heard most intelligently, some went home rather thoughtful. The missionary also had thus found a fellow worker, but on radically different lines; still his large faith bridged the difference, so that he saw Mr. Rama Rao a zealous worker in the Christian cause. Afterward his faith was justified, but in a different way from any that he had imagined.

CHAPTER XI.

CONVERGING.

MR. SUBBARAO'S eagerness to associate with every one English brought him a good deal into contact with the missionary, besides whom there were few English in the place. Hence the Hindu official was found at the missionary's bungalow as frequently as the latter could spare time to visit with him. Sometimes the Hindu fell in with the missionary as he was returning from his work, when he invariably kept him company to his compound gate. Thus in one way or another Subbarao found it convenient to be pretty often with the missionary, so that the two could not but become well acquainted. There were times also when the Hindu had no other ostensible reason for calling than to consult the missionary's library—other times, when he merely called and passed on.

But this constant visiting resulted finally in getting the Hindu into deep water. At first he listened to Clifton's conversation with little or no concern beyond curiosity, the desire of passing an agreeable half hour, or of practising the English in which he was quite proficient. But the time came when this indifference passed into interest and then into anxiety. The missionary's strong faith had come so to affect him that he began to feel uneasy when out of his presence, and equally uneasy when in his company.

In his college course his professors, in all except Oriental subjects, had been English, for the course of instruction was in English. Moreover he was an omnivor-

ous reader of everything English, from the lightest literature to the heaviest philosophical treatise. Where he had studied and read he had done so without paying any regard to what might be the probable result. But he could not go on so blissfully unconscious of everything for any great length of time, sooner or later he must cast about for his bearings; so that in the end he became aware of entertaining English ideas of God, man, and man's relations to God. But even when he discovered this mental drift it caused him no concern, for of the two beliefs, English monotheism seemed to him preferable to Hindu pantheism. Besides, as it was a mere mental prepossession, it did not affect him otherwise.

But when he began to drift, inasmuch as he made no attempt to stay his course, he drifted finally into that shoreless sea where reckoning becomes impossible, so that in the end he retained no clear belief, either monotheistic or pantheistic. Everything had grown hazy; but even this caused him no concern, for his anxiety was confined to this life merely; whether there was another or not need not enter into his calculations.

Now when he met the missionary, his religious ideas were thus in the completest confusion, and it was the missionary's clear thinking and sharp definitions that began to bring order out of chaos. It was really the missionary that classified the Hindu's ideas and formulated a creed for him. The very carelessness of the latter in all such matters left him exposed to every mental current, so that it was not surprising that he came to view things as the missionary saw them.

What added to his difficulties, was the mental attitude of the doctor, who he found had no sympathy with anything religious, either Hindu or Christian. But he was anxious to gain and retain the doctor's good opinion, for he had ulterior objects in view. In short, he coveted the doctor's daughter, whom he grew to think more desirable every day. Not that he could have any intercourse with her beyond the merest formality, and that in the presence of the doctor, for Seetamma was discreetly prudent, not caring to outrage the sensibilities of her people. As for

Seetamma, the idea never entered her brain that the obsequious official entertained any thought of her; her mind was full of her own plans, which effectually prevented the entrance of any other ideas.

Subbarao could not make up his mind to break with the missionary, yet every visit only plunged him into deeper perplexity than before. His life was fast becoming a burden to him, and what made matters worse was the fact that he had never crossed his desires in any thing; whither they led he had followed. Hence now when a time had come when he must decide upon a course of action, he found himself incapable of decision. His official duties grew irksome; what had been his delight now became a weary task. Indeed he scarcely knew his own mind, for he took no care to analyze it. In fact a multitude of feelings were struggling for the ascendancy: he could not altogether disregard his friends; he could not forget what was due to himself; he could not give up the idea of obtaining Seetamma; nor could he shake off his religious convictions. He thought himself ill, bilious, and doctored himself for the imagined ailment, but without getting any relief.

His friends soon saw that something was wrong, but did not surmise the real state of the case. The doctor could also note the difference, but was in the dark as to the cause. The missionary came nearest understanding the Hindu's troubled state of mind, but he maintained a discreet silence. He pitied him, and would have helped him if possible, but the only remedy was to allow him to flounder himself weary, or wait until he gave his confidence of his own accord.

But while this tragedy was working itself out in Subbarao's life, the other characters of our story were by no means idle.

The doctor had not been long in his native town before he began to put some of his plans into execution. But his was no light undertaking. Had he aimed lower he might have hit higher. From the very first he found his people suspiciously ready to question every innovation. The conservative Brahmin, of whom we gave some account in our last chapter—Mr. Venkata Krishnayya, was ever on the alert and ready to head a crusade against everything

savoring of modern invention. He was wedded to the past, lived in the past and for the past. Nor was he without a respectable following, as he found it only too easy to excite the fears of his townspeople. But the red flag that he flaunted most assiduously, was caste. Let that come into danger and the whole town would be in a commotion. A man might believe anything, might commit any crime, yet as long as he kept his caste intact, no one thought it worthy of protest.

But no one could appreciate these difficulties more keenly, or analyze them more exactly, than Mr. Rama Rao, for was he not native born and native nourished? Yet he had had a glimpse of a better order of things—an utopian order some might think—still he had had the glimpse, and aimed at realizing it in India. His knowledge and skill in medicine did wonders for him, making him a welcome visitor wherever disease could enter, so that he became the most sought-for man in Ellapatnam. His skill in curing what seemed refractory cases was marvellous, and soon became the talk of the town. The disease which others could not cure was certain to be referred to Rama Rao for his judgment and treatment. The result of all this was that native practitioners found less and less to do. Some of the most strenuous opposition was overcome in this way, for no matter how bitterly anyone might object to his reforms, everyone heartily approved of his medicines, so that often the one helped wash the other down.

He instituted a course of popular lectures in which he aimed at the enlightenment of the masses. Though some of the better educated, and particularly those trained in schools under English supervision, could not be charged with gross ignorance, the great mass of the people were grossly ignorant on the simplest subjects, or rather had inherited the most erroneous ideas about the commonest events of every-day life. Disease was a visitation of the goddess' displeasure. The eclipse of the moon was some god angry, and intent upon swallowing it. The earth had the most peculiar shape and astounding dimensions, while the heavenly bodies were distributed in the wildest con-

fusion, and represented the most fantastical things. Of time they had no comprehension; not only millions of years had passed away, but almost as many ages. Few people have more arts and sciences than the Hindus, who modestly lay claim to sixty-four only. Some of these are unknown in the west: e.g., the science of healing, which may include restoration of the dead, the art of summoning by enchantment, the art of charming against poison, the art of becoming invisible in the air, the art of walking in the air, the power of leaving one's own body and entering another lifeless body or substance at pleasure, and many other such like fantastical arts and sciences, swelling the number to sixty-four, so that the Indian mind receives the incredulous and the impossible more readily than the ordinary facts of every day life.

There was certainly thus ample scope for work, and the doctor succeeded in dispelling not a little ignorance and in awakening not a few minds out of their sluggish sleep. Of course nothing changed the views of the old Brahmin. The sciences as taught in the Hindu shastras were infinitely more worthy of acceptance than anything brought to light within the last century. He hated everything new. He was astounded at people crediting such absurd accounts of things. To imagine that any one could ward off disease, or that he should enter upon any journey without consulting the days to know whether they were auspicious or not, to omit any ancient rite as of no account, to disregard any familiar custom, whether it pertained to birth, life, food, or what not, was sacrilegious, and would bring down the anger of the gods. But even as Canute could not stay the incoming tide, so the old Brahmin could not stay the influx of knowledge, and the consequent outgoing of superstition. In this work the doctor interested several of his Ellapatnam friends, whom he induced to give lectures on such subjects as they were familiar with.

He also started a weekly sheet which disseminated his views even more widely and effectively than his course of lectures, for though but a few could read, these few ever had good audiences, who not only heard but passed on what they received. The title of his weekly sheet was—

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good;" and he tried to make the sheet a true expositor of this creed. There was no attempt to conceal—everything was open and above board. No question was avoided. No issue was obscured. Everything was thoroughly threshed out, and so frank was the editor, so ready to hear every side, and give full weight to everything advanced that they soon came to regard the doctor as a marvel of sincerity and uprightness.

He also interested himself in the schools of the place, saw that the proper text-books were taught, and that the modes of teaching were what they should be.

Moreover there was not an industry in the place in which the doctor did not take an interest, nor a class in the whole community that he slighted. All to him, were worthy of notice, and had lives to be brightened and made happier. In his mingling with the people he disregarded all distinctions of caste, and was outspoken in all his views, so that many were offended. But as he regarded their displeasure and their attempts at crossing him as little as he did other things much more serious, their displeasure died away of itself.

Seetamma had become no less familiar to the Ellapatnam people than the doctor himself. She was ever ready to help her father in any work in which she could be of any use. But she had her own independent schemes also, and so intent was she upon them that she gave no heed to what others thought of her or of her work. She cared for her father's approval, but that once gained she was indifferent to opposition; indeed it hardened her to her work and made her more bent upon accomplishing her ends. Her father being wealthy, she was in no way hampered through want of means, but had at her command whatever she thought needful.

She had started a school of caste girls in which she taught every day herself, until she could secure a teacher answering her purpose. She did not know of any better way than educating them to think and act for themselves, for she believed that much of the inequality between

husband and wife, sons and daughters would be done away upon their becoming equals in intelligence.

Nor did the missionary's work fall behind in the race. He had begun to multiply himself, so that reforms moved on apace. We have already spoken of Sangasi, who hailed from the village of Ellagudem. He proved a most indefatigable worker, but his work was carried on mostly in the villages, where he never failed of a good hearing. The missionary had also gained another convert of quite a different character, a blind man whom he called blind Bartimæus. He was from the non-caste section, and that he might do something for those from whom he came, the missionary gave him a *vina* upon which he played Christian hymns. The word of the Lord was thus being preached through all that region, and was not powerless but mighty in saving many.

But while Clifton and his converts labored incessantly in season and out of season, in the cause of truth and righteousness; while Subbarao, the Hindu official became more and more perplexed and worried over his entanglements; while the doctor pressed his schemes with unflagging interest; and Seetamma added her mite to the great work of amelioration going on wherever human misery and suffering were found—while all these workers were intent each upon his own schemes, there was that which was, though not at first apparent to human eyes, bringing these nearer to one another and so converging their lives that they should soon flow in a single stream. But there must first be a breaking in pieces, as no birth to a higher life can be painless.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BREAK.

IT is well that one cannot foretell the future, for many events take place, which, if foreseen, would have troubled us greatly; would have, perhaps, even unfitted us for the task before us. Then there are circumstances over which we have no control, yet into which we are drawn, and by which our fortunes are affected. But not to moralize further and unduly excite the reader's apprehension, we shall proceed to chronicle an event which was of primary importance and one of the crises in this history.

Clifton's mission field bordered hard upon that of a missionary, whom we shall call Williams, working under the auspices of another society. As Clifton by no means confined himself to Ellapatnam, but made preaching tours through the villages, he sometimes found himself at the extreme bounds of his field. It was on one of these tours that he fell in with Williams. The acquaintance thus formed was cultivated by both, so that the two missionaries sometimes joined forces and worked in unison. On one of these occasions Williams accompanied Clifton on his return to Ellapatnam, and passed a week with him in that town, taking part freely in his work and helping him not a little. It was during this week's stay, somewhere in the last months of 1889 that, as the two were returning from a morning's work among the non-caste people, they came back through the Brahmin quarter. Falling in with a company of that exclusive caste, who at the time seemed

unengaged, they seized the opportunity to preach Christ. They received a very respectful hearing, and evidently made some impression upon their hearers, with the exception of our old Brahmin friend, Mr. Venkata Krishnayya, who happened to make one of the party and who never was at ease, except in opposition.

On this particular occasion he had more reason than usual for being dissatisfied, and in a dangerous mood. The old man, though brave as a lion abroad, sat cowed at home, for he had been given a regular termagant of a daughter-in-law, who took delight in thwarting her raspish father-in-law at every turn. Though woman's place in the household is generally a very subordinate one, it nevertheless frequently turns out that some woman has more than the usual endowment of spirit, so that she in fact rules the house. Sometimes it is the mother-in-law, sometimes a sister-in-law. In the case we are instancing it was the daughter in-law.

On the morning in question there had been more than the customary warfare going on, all arising out of an unhappy remark made by the old gentleman in the way of finding fault with something pertaining to the household arrangements. He paid severely for his unlucky comment, nor could he ward off his daughter-in-law's torrent of abuse except by escaping from the house. He was still smarting from this mishap, when he joined his friends for a morning chat.

It was at this time that the two missionaries appeared upon the scene and began to engage the attention of the company. For a time the old Brahmin fell rather into the back ground, brooding over his morning's disaster, and showing no inclination to take any part in the intercourse, until a remark of a young man, which evinced a genuine interest in the subject, stung the old Brahmin beyond endurance. His moodiness was quickly swallowed up in his annoyance, and he cut the young man short with a reminder that he had better follow the lead of his elders, than that of men of whom he knew nothing. He further challenged the speaker, who happened to be Williams, to a public discussion of the subject in the town hall,

"It is high time," said he haughtily, "that your presumption met with its due chastisement, and if you have the courage to meet me on the public platform, when all interested have an opportunity of hearing both sides of the question fully discussed, you will learn that Hindus have no occasion to heed your perverting discourses upon momentous subjects on which you are very ill informed."

Williams saw that the old man was out of mood, but not wishing to carry the conversation further when no good could result, and yet not wishing it to appear that he had not a good cause, he answered pleasantly in return, that he would be ready to make good anything that he had advanced on the evening of the day following, if when the time came the proposer of the discussion were still of the same mind.

The Brahman, irritated at the missionary's quiet response, taunted him with being afraid to meet him and wishing to avoid an open discussion, and attempted to provoke the missionary into an agreement for that evening. But Williams was firm and would not consent to an earlier meeting, whereupon the Brahman had to be content.

As to the issue the Brahman had not a moment's question, being satisfied that he could make short work of the missionary's arguments. He moreover took care that the meeting should be fully announced, going to the trouble of giving several personal invitations, and endeavoring to secure a thoroughly representative meeting, that the new ism might be summarily dealt with. In fact he was eager for the encounter, for Clifton's aggressive work in the town had troubled him, so that he had wished for some opportunity of crushing it in its very inception.

In point of numbers the meeting was a success, the Brahman himself bringing with him more than a score of his personal friends, some of whom had never before attended even the club meetings. Mr. Rama Rao, accompanied by his daughter, who had become a privileged person, came in and took seats in a retired part of the hall. Mr. Subbarao, with his friends of the club, was also in attendance, the former a good deal perturbed and uneasy as

to the issue of the meeting. He was more in sympathy with the missionaries than with his own people, and had Clifton been the representative of their cause he would have felt easy, but he did not know Williams. In the sequel he was soon made to feel that his anxiety was uncalled for. Various others came in, seating themselves in various parts of the hall, according to their prepossessions. Expectation was rife, all kinds of opinions being hazarded as to the outcome of the meeting, the prevailing opinion being of course in the Hindu's favor.

Mr. Rama Rao was chosen chairman of the meeting, over which he presided with all his native coolness and ease. Many present looked for the doctor to open the meeting with some committal of himself on the subject, but all such were doomed to disappointment, for he did not choose to say a word that could be construed in favor of either party. He merely explained the object of the meeting, and introduced the speakers, the missionary being given the precedence.

Williams had no light task before him, his audience being largely unsympathetic, but he had been in more difficult positions, and on this occasion he did not fail to acquit himself in a manner quite to the satisfaction of Clifton, and the few disposed to favor Christianity. The limits of this history will not permit more than the merest outline of the speeches.

The missionary first cleared his subject of some popular misconceptions in the Hindu mind, such for instance, as that Christianity is of recent origin, whereas in its conception in the divine mind, its preparatory stage from man's fall until the coming of Christ, its full proclamation since that time—seen thus in its inception, preparation, and proclamation it antedates time itself, being as old as the eternities.

Having thus cleared the ground he developed his subject along the lines of the natural conscience. Paul so preached before Felix, and Felix trembled. The missionary so preached on this occasion, and his audience forgot to criticise, but endeavored each to soothe his own conscience.

He spoke of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. He spoke of sin, because all men were sinners. He showed how sin had poisoned the very fountains of man's being, so that it trailed its dark course through man's entire life, through family life, and through the life of the race. It separated man from God, the source of life; it separated man from man; it brought all the discord, wretchedness, and misery that existed. into the world. God must hate sin, for sin is rebellion against Him; would dethrone Him; would reach out for His life. There can never be concord between light and darkness, holiness and sin, heaven and hell. Either God or sin must receive a mortal blow. There can be no truce to this enmity, for it is radical, ingrained in the very nature of things; in the very nature of God. Sin must be crushed out, and they that cling to sin must share the same awful fate; but men are sinners, are in rank rebellion against God, and unless that rebellion is given over, unless sin is deposed from its rule in every human soul, there can be no hope of life and peace. Even God needed four thousand years to impress upon man, by His judgments, the awfulness of sin; and then, that they might not forget its dire awfulness, and that they who felt its thraldom might escape, He gave the Son of His bosom to die. He made him sin who knew no sin, so that sin was smitten in the Lord Jesus Christ. It had been a problem, which the eternal mind alone could solve, how God could be just and yet justify the guilty. But He has made righteousness to enter so that where sin abounded grace doth much more abound. Be it therefore known unto you that through this man is proclaimed unto you remission of sins. And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men whereby we must be saved. Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken in the prophets; "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe though one declare it unto you."

"Knowing therefore the fear of the Lord we persuade men, for we must all be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive the things

to the issue of the meeting. He was more in sympathy with the missionaries than with his own people, and had Clifton been the representative of their cause he would have felt easy, but he did not know Williams. In the sequel he was soon made to feel that his anxiety was uncalled for. Various others came in, seating themselves in various parts of the hall, according to their prepossessions. Expectation was rife, all kinds of opinions being hazarded as to the outcome of the meeting, the prevailing opinion being of course in the Hindu's favor.

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Williams had no light task before him, his audience being largely unsympathetic, but he had been in more difficult positions, and on this occasion he did not fail to acquit himself in a manner quite to the satisfaction of Clifton, and the few disposed to favor Christianity. The limits of this history will not permit more than the merest outline of the speeches.

The missionary first cleared his subject of some popular misconceptions in the Hindu mind, such for instance, as that Christianity is of recent origin, whereas in its conception in the divine mind, its preparatory stage from man's fall until the coming of Christ, its full proclamation since that time—seen thus in its inception, preparation, and proclamation it antedates time itself, being as old as the eternities.

Having thus cleared the ground he developed his subject along the lines of the natural conscience. Paul so preached before Felix, and Felix trembled. The missionary so preached on this occasion, and his audience forgot to criticise, but endeavored each to soothe his own conscience.

He spoke of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. He spoke of sin, because all men were sinners. He showed how sin had poisoned the very fountains of man's being, so that it trailed its dark course through man's entire life, through family life, and through the life of the race. It separated man from God, the source of life; it separated man from man; it brought all the discord, wretchedness, and misery that existed. into the world. God must hate sin, for sin is rebellion against Him; would dethrone Him; would reach out for His life. There can never be concord between light and darkness, holiness and sin, heaven and hell. Either God or sin must receive a mortal blow. There can be no truce to this enmity, for it is radical, ingrained in the very nature of things; in the very nature of God. Sin must be crushed out, and they that cling to sin must share the same awful fate; but men are sinners, are in rank rebellion against God, and unless that rebellion is given over, unless sin is deposed from its rule in every human soul, there can be no hope of life and peace. Even God needed four thousand years to impress upon man, by His judgments, the awfulness of sin; and then, that they might not forget its dire awfulness, and that they who felt its thraldom might escape, He gave the Son of His bosom to die. He made him sin who knew no sin, so that sin was smitten in the Lord Jesus Christ. It had been a problem, which the eternal mind alone could solve, how God could be just and yet justify the guilty. But He has made righteousness to enter so that where sin abounded grace doth much more abound. Be it therefore known unto you that through this man is proclaimed unto you remission of sins. And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men whereby we must be saved. Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken in the prophets; "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe though one declare it unto you."

"Knowing therefore the fear of the Lord we persuade men, for we must all be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive the things

But when the Brahman began to speak his first note electrified her. Caste! She had seen enough of it to hate it, and to make the rejection or adoption of Christianity depend upon the surrender or retention of Caste struck her as prepostrous. It must be remembered that her ideas were unconsciously English, so that the Hindu order did not readily accord with her views. But nothing moved her so much as the Brahman's remarks upon the Hindu woman's place in society. To condemn woman to a life of ignorance, subjection, and in some cases, living death, filled her with indignation, while her sense of justice rose in arms to repel the cruel proposition. Hot with anger, mingled with a feeling of shame and sorrow, she appealed to the audience;

"I am grieved," she said, and the hall was ominously quiet, "I am grieved that nothing except the corruptions and cruelties devised by man has been urged in behalf of our ancient religion—a religion, which, in its purity, no Hindu need blush to acknowledge. But Mr. Chairman," continued Seetamma, for the first time recognizing that it was her father who was in the chair, and coloring deeply upon the recognition, "I am grieved that the fathers of our people love error instead of truth, for the early Vedas know nothing of caste, know nothing of the subjection of women to lives of ignorance, shame, and death, know nothing of the exactions under which we groan. Can it be" and the question in her voice was thrillingly painful, "that none present know these things, and that our advocate has urged that only which would move every fair-minded man to reject our sacred religion for Christianity? What he considered its defects were its chief virtues, were what should commend themselves to every person. Not one thing was said that could approve itself to us but defects were made to appear virtues. Alas, our cause has been betrayed!"

But Seetamma had outrun the sympathies of her people. Williams started when he saw that it was a young Hindu girl who was about to address the meeting, and looked to Clifton for an explanation. The latter indicated that she was the doctor's daughter, for he had met her before and

recognized her at once. But he had had no acquaintance with her, could not have according to Hindu custom, yet he had heard so much of her that he had felt an unusual interest in learning more. He now leaned forward to mark her characteristics, and could not help noting that she was almost faultlessly beautiful. She wore the Hindu quaka with half-sleeved ravika, but no jewels beyond ear pendants, a single glittering diamond in her hair which was brushed back from a fine forehead, and caught in a coil low on the back of her head, a heavy set of bracelets that added to her personal charms, and a golden girdle which caught up the folds of her full quaka. She wore a light sandal, was straight and lithe as a willow, and exquisitely graceful in her carriage. Her voice was musically sweet, deep, rich and trained to answer every varied feeling. Few women are more faultlessly perfect in feature, form, and carriage than Hindu women, and Seetamma was peerless even among her Hindu sisters.

The indignant flush, born of sorrow, shame, and anger that mantled neck, cheek, and brow; the soul-light that lit up her wondrous dark eyes; the graceful gesture waiting upon the passionate, earnest utterance, all lent their aid to her natural beauty. But what caught and claimed Clifton's attention and admiration most was her evident sincerity. Her unconsciousness of self was perfect; her earnestness was almost painfully intense, so that the missionary could not help thinking what a perfect Christian worker she would make if her enthusiasm, her passionate love, and her gifts were laid at Christ's feet. That pleading, passionate tone quivering with intense conviction, hushed the audience into a deep quiet. But the spell broke. The Ellapatnam people were not prepared for such an outburst, and that from a woman. The words had gone crashing through their convictions and selfish pride, but none winced more keenly under her clear, sharp accusations than the old Brahman. Anger, mortification, pride struggled for the ascendancy, he turned and hissed to some of those near, "Shameful!" It was enough; a murmur of dissent ran through the audience which began to grow painfully distinct until even the most shameful epithets

were hissed back. When the murmurs began to grow audible, Williams had with difficulty kept his seat, but when they began to fling unseemly accusations at the young girl his anger fairly blazed and he would have been on his feet in an instant had not Clifton, the more collected of the two, forcibly detained him in his seat, calling his attention to the doctor. The latter sat erect with compressed lips and a hard cool gaze, but not otherwise showing any perturbation. It was plainly evident that he would not lift his hand to stay the storm, but that the young girl must bear its brunt alone.

"The doctor could quell this tumult at a word, but he will not move," whispered Clifton, who sat still, though it wrung his heart to see the disgraceful disturbance continue. "He means it for the people's good and for his daughter's good. Don't thwart his object."

Seetamma, wrought up to a high state of exitement, had been slow to note the rising storm, and so did not realize the true state of things until a stinging remark from the old Brahmin smote her ear, when, stunned, dazed at its shameful intent, she passed her hand before her eyes to assure herself that she was hearing aright, then, baring her head to the blow, she sank down with a wild, heart-breaking, agonizing wail, "Oh, my God, can my people be such as this!"

The piercing cry nearly broke down the doctor's self-control, but he braced himself against weakness, and sat unmoved, more like an old stoical Roman than a living, passionate Hindu. His daughter's suffering smote his heart but he moved not from his chair to raise the fallen form. The meeting was at an end. The old Brahman was the first to move, and he was quickly followed by the others, who were now as eager to escape from its result as they had been ready to join in the insult.

Clifton now rose and hurried forward to raise the young girl; but the father anticipating him, lifted her in his arms and passed out, bowing slightly as he passed. Williams looked at Clifton, who returned the look and then passed out likewise. The hall was empty; the meeting was over —but not its results.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER BREAK.

TWO nights later than that of the events recorded in our last chapter, the bell of the town hall again rang, but this time it signified a meeting of a different kind from that which we have just described.

It was Friday evening, the one evening in the week for which the missionary had secured the hall for his own work. We stay to record the events of this particular evening because they are interwoven with the threads of our story, and also because this was the last evening's work that the missionary did in Ellapatnam. Last occasions are always memorable.

Clifton had felt depressed over the outcome of the last meeting; it seemed a disaster to the cause that he represented. For, as was natural, that was made the scape-goat of the occasion. The most conflicting accounts had gone out, but that most generally received was that Dr. Rama Rao had espoused the cause of the Christians, while his daughter had openly advocated their doctrines. Reasons for this peculiar departure were readily forthcoming, but we shall not record them here. The most shameful motives are often imputed, but in no country can more disgraceful or vile ones be whispered than in India. As a result no one had come near the missionary's bungalow, not even Mr. Subbarao. Clifton had gone out as usual, but no one cared to be seen conversing with him, so that he effected little. Even the non-caste people were infected and were

unwilling to give him a hearing. Many whom he had befriended in various ways, and who had professed eternal gratitude to him, turned hastily aside so as not to meet the obnoxious missionary. No one would have either teaching or medicine; both alike were infected with evil. Thus it seemed that at the time when he was most hopeful of his work, everything had in a moment turned against him. But it is ever darkest just before dawn, and so it proved on this occasion. The darkness was the deep shade cast by the approaching light. The bell this evening, therefore, was rung more as a matter of form than from any expectation of meeting an audience.

Imagine, then, his surprise, when, upon entering the hall, he found it filled to overflowing. Sangasi was already present, having come in from village work, and was entertaining the people with Christian songs until the missionary's arrival.

Making his way through a side door he reached the front platform where he seated himself, motioning to Sangasi to continue his singing. Nothing could have been more striking than the plain, homely Hindu singing such as "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," nor could anything have been more effective, for he sang with a feeling and power born of experience, so that he interested even the hardest, where he could not soften.

The missionary felt a great sense of loneliness press upon him, for his quick, sympathetic nature caught no answering response in the company before him. They had come with closed hearts; but why had they come at all? The question is not easy to answer, for the greater part knew not themselves why they had come. Perhaps the only reason was a morbid curiosity to learn how the missionary would carry himself in the new state of things. Many were absent that had been present at the earlier meetings, notably the old Brahman who vowed that he would never demean himself again by entering the hall where heresy was openly encouraged. But many new faces appeared, drawn no doubt by the conflicting accounts that had gone out.

Upon looking over his audience Clifton spied out many

familiar faces, among which was that of Mr. Sabbarao. The official had chosen an obscure corner, evidently hoping to pass unobserved. His face was drawn together, full of acute suffering; but as to the warfare going on in his mind the missionary could not even surmise. He had lost his reckoning and could not take his bearings well that evening. He felt bewildered and knew not what to do with the meeting. In his bewilderment he at last began, choosing as his text for the evening, Matt. 11 : 28, the choice being determined by the fact, that the passage was heavily underscored, so that it first struck his eye as he opened his Telugu Testament. Moreover the invitation fell in with his state of mind, and as he went on he felt the promise making its way anew into his soul, so that when he spake of the rest that Christ gave, it was merely a transmuting of his own experience into speech.

While speaking, he discerned among others Mr. Rama Rao and his daughter. These two were sitting in their accustomed seat, and he marvelled that he had not seen them before. His heart smote him when he saw the young girl's face pale and wan as after a severe illness. Her eyes seemed unnaturally hollow and sunken and reflected a sore heart within.. The doctor, if anything, sat more erect than usual, without evincing the slightest trace of any emotion in his face. Why he was there, or what he was thinking, Clifton knew not. He was aware of his presence and found himself at last addressing his discourse to the upright Hindu, who seemed to defy trouble, and who would never seek rest. He seemed to be one of those natures which, its course once chosen, nothing could bend. But is there any nature anywhere proof against everything?

Seetamma listened with her soul in her eyes, as though she would catch uncertainty somewhere, but instead she caught a certainty, an upspringing joy, an unalloyed rest such as she had never dreamed of. Could she have been all wrong? Could her ancestors have been all wrong? Were these the words of truth? They sounded such, but could she trust them? If she did, could she be certain that this was finality?

The problem turning over and over in her mind wearied

her, and she would have quit it, but she could not. It would recur; the same questioning, the same anxious feeling out after something, as though she must find assurance somewhere. As long as she clung to her religion she could steady her thoughts, but that seemed to have slipped from her, so that she was left in the greatest unrest. She was left in the dark, and the darkness seemed to close in upon her. She could distinguish nothing; could not know whither she went; where to turn. Her heart cried out for rest, but where could she find it? If she could only find out for herself!

The "rest" spoken of seemed what she needed—what Ratnamma needed — what everyone needed. And she found herself at last coveting it. But she was startled out of her reverie by the invitation, "Come!" It seemed directed to her personally, so that she looked at the speaker to see if he had addressed her particularly, but his attention seemed elsewhere. The invitation was repeated, more appealingly, until at last something in her gave her rest. She experienced a sudden flow of peace into her soul. It was Christ's voice she had heard, and now she met Him as her Lord. She heard nothing further, but bent forward as the joy welled up in her soul and thrilled her through and through. She thought of Ratnamma. This would make her glad in her sorrow and turn her night to day. How was it that she had never learned this before? Was it because she had not felt the need? Light began to break in and she now saw where she had hitherto failed. It was when her faith in her people gave way that she had drifted about helpless, ready to receive comfort from anyone.

She looked up into her father's face, but shrank back as she saw his hard, steadfast look. Could she tell him of her new experience? And if she did, what would he say. How would he receive it? Would he look hard and cold at her as he did sometimes at others when he did not approve? She could not bear it; it would break her heart quite. Thus her thoughts ran on tumbling one over the other, until the meeting came to a close.

As they were pouring out, she heard the missionary

address her father, shaking hands with him and then with herself, giving her hand a warm, encouraging pressure. Notwithstanding her English predilections it struck her as strange. Did he then know what she had found? The night was dark and the dim lantern lights cast deep shades everywhere, so that she could not see his face; and then he turned quickly to address another who was passing. It was the Hindu official, and the two walked off together.

The doctor walked on in advance, while Seetamma followed slightly behind. Upon reaching home there was the evening meal still to be partaken of. This was passed in silence, Seetamma sharing the meal with her father who made her his equal in everything. She saw that he was not disposed to talk, so she desisted that evening from confiding to him what she had experienced in the meeting.

It was the next day—Saturday—late in the evening that, finding her father at leisure, she came all trembling, asking if she might speak to him. It was a most inopportune time, for the doctor was in a recklessly savage mood. His equilibrium had been disturbed and he could not easily regain it. The address of missionary Williams had annoyed him with its sweeping condemnation of everyone, and its inclusion of all as in need of salvation. His negative belief was not proof against divine truth—the sword of the Spirit—but his weakness was discovered to him. It was his persistence in not recognizing it that made him moody. He was the very impersonation of pride. Anything that humiliated him, cut like a knife. He had gone through life with a hard protection of schooled indifference as to what others might think, so that their shafts glanced off and he moved on in his quiet, self-chosen course unaffected. And the course that he had chosen, called for some such stony indifference, for he had devoted himself to his people's welfare. In such a life-work he would have much to live down, but he had counted the cost, so was ready for emergencies.

He had foreseen the result of his daughter's move on the night of the discussion, but he had deliberately left her to b ar the brunt of the storm that she might also fully appreciate the difficulties of reform among her people.

She had brought her western ideas with her and was guaging everything by them. This he saw, and he knew of no better way of correcting these fancies than by leaving her to pass through the fiery ordeal alone.

But while anxious that his daughter should be fully prepared for the work, and while intent upon correcting her vagaries, a shaft entered his own armor, which, owing to his persistence in not recognizing its presence, rankled and festered in the wound.

He had attended the second meeting from no clear motive except that he found himself with an hour's leisure that he knew not how to pass otherwise. But Clifton's address nettled him more even than that of the preceding evening. Its very impersonality disarmed him so that he could not meet it. He did not want 'rest,' though each succeeding moment he could less easily deny his need. Surely he had not met the thought of two continents to be now so easily unsettled! Surely he had not returned to Ellapatnam to be overthrown by the first argument of the first missionary that crossed his path! He knew that whereof he believed and the limits of belief, must he then at so late a day begin to question the foundations of his creed! He who had thought the Brahmo Samaj a half surrender, shall he outdo them by surrendering entirely? Some such thoughts were struggling to find vent, but he thrust them down, and yet the force of will exerted in the act made plainer every instant that he was not at rest.

He had gone home in this state of mind, had passed the whole of the following day in a similar mood, going through his duties in a perfunctory manner, when, in the evening, having some leisure, he turned to his library for a book to while away the time. In a mechanical way he he took up the first that came to hand, which happened to be "*Ecce Homo*," a volume that the missionary had pressed him to read. But up to the present he had not found time, so now he took up the book and opened the pages at random.

A glance showed him that the missionary was a careful and close reader, for the margins of the book were filled with proof references either substantiating the argument or

overthrowing it. He had opened the book at Chapter V, which treated of Christ's Credentials. Curious to know what the author might advance, and the missionary's thought of the same, he ran cursorily over the chapter and comments. He had just reached the last page of the chapter, and was reading rather thoughtfully, for even his scanty knowledge of New Testament history convinced him of the soberness of the author's statements.

"He laid men under an immense *obligation*." His own ideal. "He convinced them that he was a person of altogether transcendent greatness, one who needed nothing at their hands, one whom it was impossible to benefit by conferring riches, or fame, or dominion upon him, and that, being so great, he had devoted himself of mere benevolence to their good." His own ideal. "He showed them that for their sakes he lived a hard and laborious life, and exposed himself to the utmost malice of powerful men." His own ideal again. But suddenly the ideal soared beyond him.

"They saw him hungry, though they believed him able to turn stones into bread; they saw his royal pretensions spurned, though they believed that he could in a moment take into his hand all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them; they saw his life in danger; they saw him at last expire in agonies, though they believed that, had he so willed it, no danger could harm him. . . ."

He retained the book in his hand, thinking over what he had read. He was traversing all the statements made, turning each credential over in his mind, when Seetamma addressed him. She had spoken the second time before he heard her. Suddenly brought back to self-consciousness he awoke with much the same feelings that some sleepers do when aroused from an incomplete slumber. Turning shortly upon the interruptor of his mental reveries he asked testily,

"Well, what is it, Seetamma?"

The sharp tone put all her courage at once to flight, and she was about to beat a hasty retreat, when he called her back.

"Well, what is it, Seetamma?" more kindly.

Thus encouraged she broke abruptly into the subject saying that she had embraced the Christian faith.

The doctor's brow darkened ominously as he asked her to repeat what she had said, as though he had not heard aright.

"I am a Christian, papa," she repeated. "I believe in Jesus who said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

The doctor's eyes flashed angrily as he replied in sharp, decisive tones that he would not countenance any such weakness. She must give up such wild ideas straightway.

"Papa!' It was an exclamation of pained surprise that leaped from the young girl's lips as she read his face to make out his meaning.

The exclamation fretted him. He was strangely beside himself, for somehow he had lost his habitual command of himself. He replied sternly,

"It cannot be, Seetamma. You must abandon such wild ideas or give up your father. You must choose between the two."

His pride was sorely touched, for he could not endure the idea of his daughter becoming a Christian. His liberal principles could brook any thing but this. He was a Hindu first and a liberal after.

"Papa?" The pained surprise was now interrogatory.

But he motioned her away. Her persistence annoyed him.

"You must not question what I say, nor should you expect me to repeat it; once spoken it cannot be recalled. Go then and think over the matter until you return to your right mind."

Further appeal was useless. Her father's tones were decisive. Bewildered she stumbled out of his presence not knowing how, until she found herself in the street. It was the first sharp word she had received from her father, and she could not understand it. She felt in a dumb way that her father had cast her off. That was the bitterest of all and she could not bear it. Her heart was broken, and she cared not now whither she went. The cold December wind pierced her light robes but she heeded it not. A

sudden storm of rain came on, drenching her, but half unconscious she made her way against it, not knowing whither she went.

As for the doctor he sat for some time in the same angry mood until his eyes fell upon the book that he still retained in his hand when, becoming conscious that he himself had been examining the tenets of Christianity, he flung the book from him with an angry exclamation that he was losing his senses. His hands closed and his foot beat the floor impatiently as he turned away, seeking something else to engage his attention.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEARING THE END.

THE scene of our story changes. We are once more in the town of M——, where the missionary delivered his parting address. It is Christmas night of 1889, which is Wednesday, when the usual prayer-meeting is wont to be held. But on this occasion there is a change in the programme, for it has been announced that morning that in the evening a special meeting would convene to consider a communication received from India.

There was a fine audience assembled when the pastor ascended the platform to open the meeting. The preliminary exercises over—for the opening hymn, chapter and prayer are often considered preliminary only — the pastor, who is the same that introduced the missionary at the first meeting, calls upon the clerk of the church to read the communication under consideration.

The latter, who is the principal of the Town Collegiate Institute, comes forward, and after premising a few remarks befitting the occasion, expresses a hope that he may have the attention of every one present, for the communication that he holds in his hands concerns them not only as a church but as individuals, and is such that, to his mind, some action relating thereto should be taken.

The communication was from missionary Clifton, whose fortunes we have been following. We have said, in the course of this narrative, that he incited Willoughby to write on the destitution of the foreign field and the press-

ing need of more laborers. But Willoughby, unrelieved fell at his post in 188—, while two years later another fellow laborer fell crushed under the same heavy burden. Something had been done to fill the places of the fallen and to ward off a like catastrophe in the future; but notwithstanding these reinforcements a mighty breach in the force still remained.

Clifton had written also, regularly, and had to the utmost of his time, strength and ability endeavored to lay bare the need. Earnest souls saw it and responded; but the churches, as a body, had not moved in the matter. The present communication is a summary of it all, thrown into the form of an appeal urging immediate action upon the churches,

The ground of the appeal was the commission of Christ; the urgency was that thousands were daily perishing; and the churches were urged to reconsider their action in regard to this divine commission and their obligation to the perishing heathen. In the appeal some questions were asked, which the missionary prayed might be considered most seriously. The commission was comprehensive and clear, and such that no one could mistake its meaning. It was not the question of its purport that he wished to be considered, but the more personal one of its binding force. He entreated them most earnestly not to put the question aside as one already answered, but to consider it, as it were, anew. Did it mean anything to them? Did they consider themselves as under any obligation to fulfil it? Did this commission then constitute the marching orders of the Christian church? Did Christ intend it to be binding upon Christians of the present generation? It was this question of obligation that he would press, aye, and press it until everyone gave a clear response. There should be no uncertain sound, no half-hearted consent, no half-admitted obligation. But let every Christian acknowledge it fully or repudiate it as fully. Let there be no half measures. Half measures accomplish nothing. The Lord would that they should be either cold or hot.

He then pressed upon them a consideration of the actual state of the heathen. He prayed them to remember that

two-thirds of the population of the globe were still unevangelized, though they were now nearing the close of the 19th century. He spoke of what he had seen with his own eyes, of the ignorance, superstition and deadness of the people awaiting evangelization. He awoke the generations of the past, and marshalled them before their view in awful array, myriads upon myriads of lost souls, pictures of despair, the banished of the race, the accursed of God, the hopeless, wretched and miserable, who had lived with hopes, maybe, as bright in proportion as theirs, but who now were doomed forever. Were they in no sense responsible for some of these? Did not the blood of some cling to their robes? Did not their anxiety for themselves mean neglect of others; But away with the past—past neglect, past sin, past responsibilities unmet—for who can bear the thought of these when they mean lost souls? Lost souls! Fearful thought that! But who among them could comprehend its import?

And then came the millions of the present age—millions of perishing ones, an awful host; yet even as he wrote multitudes were dropping into eternity unsaved. And before his letter could reach them how many more must have perished who might have been rescued? It maddened one to think of such fearful realities, but should it not madden one more not to think, not to sigh and cry until the heart broke? Better, aye a thousand times better, a broken heart over perishing souls than one kept whole by neglect. Better be among the few who wear sackcloth and ashes, and who carry the burdens of the world, than among the thoughless and indifferent many. Would not the sighs and tears and anguish of these myriads move them? Could any one hold the gospel in one hand and retain in the other the worthless, perishable treasures of time! Were transient comforts and joys to be balanced against aeons of anguish and quenchless suffering? Heaven with its glories could not hold the Redeemer of men, when He saw a world perishing, and shall they not barter everything, likewise to be like the inimitable Christ?

He fully recognized that native helpers must be enlisted in the great work of evangelization, but even so the foreign force in the field was a mere handful—not even a Gideon's

band—and that the work might be prosecuted in a way worthy of Christian enterprise, they must straightway put ten men where there was but one before. Would these be forthcoming? Aye, and more than forthcoming if the churches but took the matter into serious consideration. And had not the time come when some energy and enterprise worthy the name be put into this work? Had not the churches ministered to their own wants long enough? Had they not sat under the preaching of the Gospel until they were well grounded in the faith? Could they not for a season stand of themselves in order to prosecute a vigorous campaign? Did not all go on short allowance in war times; and were not these war times? Should not, then, every church send its own pastor and continue his support in the foreign field? This done, thousands of workers would enter heathenism at once. This done, and the God of Missions would so pour out His spirit that there would be a second Pentecost as far exceeding the first, as the Christian treasure, ability, and numbers exceeded that of the early Christians.

Will not the church in M—— lead the way in this glorious enterprise. Never before was there such an undertaking, and shall we not come up to the help of the Lord in a way befitting the enterprise? Let not the present century die out before we have claimed the world for Christ. Where, then, are the men of large hearts, of ample means, of stout courage, and of loyal spirit? Let them break from present entanglements and take this enterprise in hand for Christ. Marshal Bazaine pleaded as excuse for his irresolution at Metz that he did not know what was the government, or whether there was any government. But the President of the military burst out with the impatient, impassioned exclamation, "But France! But France!

Many may plead in excuse for their irresolution this and that defect in the marching battallions. But Christ! But the Commission! But the perishing millions!"

The reader sat down without a word of comment. A pause followed as if to give opportunity for the members present to express their sentiments on the appeal. A deep

silence prevaded the audience, Who would speak first, and what would be the sentiments expressed? Soon a voice broke the silence. It came from a well-known member who never got nearer the preacher than the first pew. He rose deliberately, took a deliberate breath, followed by a placid, deliberate look over the audience, then, deliberately clearing his throat, he addressed the meeting as follows:

"Brethren, if you are desirous of hearing my opinion upon the communication that has been read, it is that the whole thing is the merest fanaticism. The writer is a young man full of youthful impulses and accordingly does not know that there is no impulse about the Lord. Why, brethren, the Lord was four thousand years preparing the way for the gospel, and does anyone dream that the gospel is going to filter through the spiritual hardness and deadness of the world in less time. The sun has not yet gained the meridian, and shall we therefore expect it to sink so quickly? 'The mills of the gods,' as the saying runs 'grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.' The Divine plans mature slowly; spiritual revolutions are the processes of time; and it is a mistaken idea that we can compass in in a decade what we shall need ages to accomplish. No, no, we have thousands of years before us yet, that is," correcting himself, "so far as we can judge from God's ways of working. For though we cannot definitely outline and limit the Divine action, we may say that we have at least centuries in which to accomplish this work. It is said that better than eighteen hundred years have passed since this gospel first began to be preached, but even so, what are centuries or æons even in the Divine reckoning? What mystery, grandeur and excellence pertain to a creature of a few years existence, or what greatness would attach to a work summarily brought to completion in a few years? Things that appear were evolved out of things that do not appear—an evolution dating its rise in the early dawn of eternity, and if this be true as regards the physical creation, how much more gradual must be the wonderful spiritual evolution going on in the history of the race.

It is the glorious gospel of the everlasting God that we

preach—a gospel that has repeatedly proven itself to be the power of God unto salvation—a gospel that has affected marvellous changes in the past, and which will effect still more marvellous transformations in the future. In no sense, therefore, has the gospel been a failure, in no sense will it fall short of accomplishing that which it is designed to accomplish. There is, therefore, no occasion for the pessimistic tone that pervades this letter. I term it rank pessimism, for one would be almost led to believe that, notwithstanding eighteen centuries of opportunity, little worth the name has been effected; whereas the very face of society has been changed, and the world itself has been largely revolutionized Of course we must prosecute this work of evangelization with vigor, but, even so, we must prosecute it with due regard to our staying power.'

Upon the speaker resuming his seat, another began to rise. Having secured the floor, he gathered himself up, supported himself with both hands resting on his hips and, after reaching the exact posture that suited him, finally broke out:

"Brethren, I am not prepared to endorse all the remarks of the philosophizing brother who has opened this discussion; I am a plain man, and believe that we may quickly decide this question by a few practical considerations. I am not inclined to favor innovations, and I believe that we cannot do better than abide by the principles of work pursued by our fathers. These are well tried and cannot be said to have been found wanting. I believe in organization, not the new fangled methods, but the simple, orthodox, organized mode of doing things. To meet with success we must have organization and must cleave to our organization. But this communication would seem to suggest the flinging of all organization to the winds, not to say that it would rob the Churches of the elders appointed over them by the Holy Spirit. Just imagine the disorder into which we would fall in the course of a few months! Besides, suppose that we, in order to prosecute a brilliant campaign, did adopt some such course of procedure, and supposing, in that case, that we could hold our places the remaining years of the century, who, pray, can inform us what we

should do afterwards, except the Lord hasten His coming? We are not only a part of the past, but we are also a large factor in determining the future; and I maintain most strenuously that we should make some provision for the future. I therefore believe in the old ways. It is true that the heathen are perishing, but we are not deaf to their cries. We are doing what we can to save some. This Church, which carries a good many burdens, contributed $300 last year to foreign missions, and to which we must add another $100 this year, for I believe in advance, and this ratio of increase we shall try to continue. There is a general interest manifested everywhere in foreign missions, so that contributions are increasing every year, while recruits are also being sent out to the field. Let us continue our efforts along these lines; but let us beware of giving place to fanatical suggestions such as are contained in the letter read. I advocate, therefore, increased interest for foreign missions, but along the old, well worn, well tried lines."

A third member rose and spoke with a good deal of force.

"Brethren, to my mind, this appeal is born of impatience. Impatience pervades it from introduction to peroration. A man must keep cool and maintain an equal pulse. I condemn enthusiasm most thoroughly. It heats the blood and perverts the vision. I likewise condemn haste. This nineteenth century is getting into a tremendous hurry it seems to me. The pace that we are falling into is simply killing. Impatience and haste are a sorry couple to yoke to the Gospel chariot; and I, therefore, cannot see that this appeal is at all relevant."

The reader of the appeal, who had evinced a good deal of feeling in the reading, and a good deal of restlessness while these speakers were delivering themselves, now rose and addressed the meeting. The clerk had a large influence in determining all church work and, as he ever evinced the keenest interest in foreign missions, his utterances were awaited with expectation.

"Brethren," he said, and he gathered up all his force into his speech, "Brethren, I endorse this appeal in its

entirety, and I am grieved that no one has made any attempt to answer the questions advanced in it. It should not thus lightly be passed over, for life and death vibrate in the balances. Permit me to read you the commission of the Lord Jesus Christ." And he read it with thrilling effect. "This commission is binding upon us or it is not; let this be first clearly settled. Nor can this involve any difficulty. For the commission is so explicit that no one can possibly mistake its meaning. I accept it in all its comprehensiveness to mean that we are to go into all the world and make disciples of all the nations, teaching them to observe all things that Christ has commanded us; and no where in the Book is there any counter order or any annulling of it. It constitutes, therefore, the marching orders of the church. It has been said that we are doing all we can. But are we? It has been said that the divine plans mature slowly, which may all be true. But one thing is certain beyond gainsaying, that our lives do not mature slowly, that our opportunities do not tarry, that life and death are not matters to deliberate on—these things are out of the range of deliberation. The forces of evolution may move slowly and may sweep with crushing might through all obstructions, but while these forces move on, generations are the cost of progress. The train crushes out my life because I am caught beneath its wheels, but once seated in its large compartments it carries me to my destination. It is one thing to believe that the mighty wheels of evolution must move on though myriads of lives strew the track, and it is quite another thing to seize the entangled mortals and bear them to a place of safety. Brethren, we lose time, throw away opportunities and leave souls to perish while we discuss such problems. They who wish may philosophize, but the true worker will plunge into the wreck to save those whom he can. Yes, and we speak of well tried principles of work, and say that we are to look with suspicion upon innovations. Brethren, we may love principles of work at the expense of perishing millions; at the expense of failing to fulfil Christ's command. No principles yet pursued have fulfilled this

Divine Commission and what we are concerned to save is not principles of work but our obedience to Christ. I believe in both enthusiasm and haste, and that too in their extremes. I believe in that enthusiasm which says, "If we are beside ourselves it is unto God;" and I believe in that haste which lays hold of men, crying, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed." It will call for all the enthusiasm that we can incite, and all the haste that we can make, to fulfil the Commission; and our brother in his stirring appeal has not urged anything out of keeping with it. On the other hand, I marvel that he can write with such apparent deliberation. Why, brethren, he is standing at the very gates of hell, seeing them open all the time! Why, if he believes in his Bible, and I venture to say that he does, he must be seeing men verily dropping into endless torments; he must almost catch their lost cries as they go plunging into eternal darkness! He will save one while scores perish. This appeal is moderation itself. Leap down into the darkness; grope, grapple, agonize after souls; then feel them slip from you, plunging into irremediable ruin; open your hearts to their wailings as they welter in fiery torments—that indeed is verily awful; yet your missionary is living this life every day and when from this darkness he appeals to us for help we wait to deliberate! No, brethren, I endorse this Appeal and—." At this juncture a telegram was handed the pastor. It was the copy of a cable from India sent to him by the F. M. Secretary. It ran thus:

"*Clifton dead. Send another. Support provided.*"

The announcement fell upon the audience like a thunderbolt. The members looked at one another in dismay. The Clerk, steadying himself, exclaimed in a broken voice;

"Telegraph back, 'I am ready. Send me,'" and sat down.

The tide turned. One soon arose endorsing the appeal, remarking that if missionaries could give their lives, it would be a small thing for them to give their pastor, provided he was willing to go. "I move, therefore, that our pastor be given time to consider the matter, and, provided

he intimate a readiness to go, that we send him to the foreign field. I move, further, that we send our brother who has read and advocated this appeal, and who has responded so nobly and promptly. I move, that we send him among the churches to advocate a genuine campaign of foreign missions. I move, moreover that we as a church meet regularly, and that the conversion of the world be the burden of our prayers."

The motion was seconded and carried with the greatest unanimity.

The scene changes again. We are now in G——, in New York State. We enter a fine mansion, the home of a rising merchant in the town. As we pass through the rooms we can easily see that the owner is a man of wealth and has cultivated tastes. This plainly appears from the rich furnishings of the various rooms. As we enter the library we come upon an assembled company of nine gentlemen, consisting of the merchant himself, three ministers of the gospel, two physicians, two lawyers and a member of Parliament. They are all Canadians, and have this further in common, that they are of one graduating class, while this meeting is one of their annual assemblings. There had been twelve in the class, but one had died of consumption shortly after graduation, another had been killed in a railway collision, while the third absent one was Clifton Graham, the missionary. The meeting was in Christmas week of 1889, when all the survivors, except the missionary assembled. A roll book was kept which was called on each occasion, when those present gave an account of the chief events that had transpired in their lives during the year, those unable to be present sending written accounts.

The narratives of the year's events had followed upon one another in regular order without a break, until it was the turn of one of the ministers of the gospel present. He was the pastor of a living, thriving church and was considered a worker of peculiar promise. But to-night he had sat rather apart and reserved, not entering into the proceedings with much heart. He had drawn the attention of the others, who chided him for his moodiness, as

they called it. He took their good-natured reproof in good part, but showed no greater disposition to be more sociable. Evidently he had some anxiety weighing him down.

At last his name was called by the merchant who presided, with the expressed hope that he would have something rare with which to entertain them.

"I think I have," was the melancholy response, whereupon he drew from his breast pocket a newspaper, from which he begged permission to read. Assent being readily given he proceeded to read, premising first that they had received no annual letter from Clifton Graham, but that perhaps the omission might be otherwise accounted for. At any rate the paper that he held contained some news of the absent missionary, for an urgent appeal made by him to the churches appeared in its columns. He has somehow become possessed of the idea that the Commission should be fulfilled *instanter*."

"Commission?" queried the merchant.

"Yes, the Commission as recorded in Matt. 28 : 20."

"Oh! Is that his idea? A rather large undertaking I should say."

"Yes, it certainly is a large one, but allow me first to read you what he has to say. He puts the matter fairly, I am bound to confess, and I cannot see how the churches, if they are not dead, can meet it except by attempting the task. Here is what he says. It is pretty lengthy but I pledge you that it is interesting."

The others drew their chairs together, placed themselves in listening postures, and indicated that the reader was to proceed.

He thereupon read the full appeal, a summary of which we have already given. It commanded the attention of every one present, even the merchant, though he made no profession of Christianity whatever. 'He hadn't time,' he was accustomed to say. When the reader finished, the merchant brought down his hand heavily with the exclamation, "That's gospel if I understand it, and what's more, its a fair facing of the whole matter. Now if there were only some dynamite in that appeal it might do something.

"But there is," responded the reader of the appeal. "Listen to this cable which I find in the same paper: 'Clifton dead. Send another. Support provided.'" "Clifton dead!' shouted the merchant. "Dead! Not dead?"

"It is even so," was the response. "He has written his last letter and spent his last sigh over the perishing. I suppose the care broke his heart." The others had started to their feet, then slowly sank back in their chairs, looking vacantly at the speaker as if waiting for something further.

"I have been thinking over the matter and have come to the conclusion that I shall step into Graham's place. He was as fine a fellow as I ever met, and I know of none whom I would rather succeed, though this is a melancholy succession."

No response was forthcoming. The others were thinking, so the speaker continued outlining his plans. When he had finished, the Member of Parliament took up the strain.

"I do not know how you are situated, but as for myself, the country can spare me, for there are plenty waiting to succeed me. As for my friends here of the medical and legal profession, I am bound to think that they find the country rather crowded, and would enjoy more elbow room. Now, I am inclined to propose that we go out *en masse* to the foreign field. Why not? Did not those fellows, Studd and his companions of the China Inland, go out together, and why not we? But I am forgetting that our merchant isn't a professor, so would not choose to fall in. Besides, there is another difficulty. How shall we go—whence the means?"

"Good!" cried the merchant. "I shall not be behind in this matter. Go out as a company by all means, and I will undertake to supply the funds. Graham's life did more to recommend Christianity to me than all the books I have read. In fact I have been thinking over the matter most seriously, and had just about come to the conclusion that I would not live longer after this loose, careless fashion. Though busy with the heathen, Graham did not forget me, but wrote me regularly and troubled me mightily with his

earnest pleading. I am decided to be out and out in this matter. So you can consider the difficulty *non est*, for I shall be heartily glad to support you to the full extent of your needs. But I shall not accompany you, even though I do make a profession. I must remain here and live down a few things. But if it be your mind to go, I say go by all means, and may God go with you. Graham has fallen while attempting to enlist those of us lagging behind. Let us take up his burden—the unfulfilled commission—and make a mighty effort to make the world feel it. You, who can present this matter forcibly and well, must attempt to move the Churches. Graham is right; we cannot do it alone. Nor can any company do it. The men and means would not be forthcoming. Some are getting desperate in this matter, so are establishing schools to train workers specially for this work. But if we have to train the workers and find the means, neither we nor the heathen will be here when our task is done. Nothing can successfully meet this crisis except a combined move on the part of the churches. Do as Graham advocates; appeal to them to send their pastors—the Canadian Baptists their 200, and the American Baptists their 20,000, and the other denominations to fall in. They can do it easily, and may God give them the will. What say you all? Shall we do it for Christ and the perishing millions?"

"We shall take you at your word," they responded in single chorus.

CHAPTER XV.

THE END.

DR. RAMA RAO in his search found nothing better than his own moody thoughts to entertain him; so he sat indulging them while he listened to the rain as it came pelting upon the tiles and against the walls of the house. The raging of the elements without suited his state of mind, gradually quieting the warfare going on within. Little by little he gave way to his better judgment, until his anger had gone, when he began to consider his true condition.

"I am a fool," he said to himself, "to allow anything to so disturb me. Or if something does annoy me, it is mere folly not to inquire into the cause; it cannot be that I love my own opinions more than truth. If I am wrong in my views of things, it is as little as I can do to acknowledge it with a good grace. I see that I have not the control over myself that I vainly imagined, so that there must be a weakness somewhere.

Nor do I see why this missionary with his fanciful doctrines should disturb me. I am better acquainted with the current thought of the West than he is; still there is something about him that puzzles me. He seems to be so completely at rest in his mental findings, and though he is fully aware of my views and of my capability to form a judgment, they do not disturb him in the least. After all I must confess that his is a deeper, stronger, better, more even life than mine. He also seems to have some reserve

of strength that surprises one, so that he cannot be taken at a disadvantage.

There is something in his preaching hard to define or analyze, that evades me and yet claims one's attention. Williams had a good deal of the same peculiar—what shall I call it? It cannot be something in their religion. I have ever considered that as a relic of superstition; still the missionary, so far as I know him, betrays no weakness apart from this.

How it rains! Neither Pluvius nor Indra sends that, but it comes in obedience to a law of nature prevalent everywhere. I have always rested satisfied in tracing out the principles underlying phenomena; but the missionary not only recognizes the principles, but goes beyond my searchings and posits a personal Being who originates, controls and upholds those underlying, regulating principles of nature. A necessary conclusion? Perhaps so; but how can one be certain that the conclusion after all is legitimate? Whence the necessity? One can recognize the existence of laws, but to perceive the Originator and Controller requires sharper sight than mine. And yet it is just here that the missionary is so well assured. The natural man, whatever that may mean, cannot see God, so he says. Still, when one comes to think it over, there is absolutely nothing to prove that there is not a Lawgiver. There may be, and there may not be: the difficulty is that there is nothing either to substantiate or to upset the inference. The missionary may infer if he chooses, and so may I, only I do not, but stop short, saying that I do not know. Is it a first truth? Perhaps so; but how it is reached is more than I can conceive. All knowledge is of experience; all principles are inferential, so I have entertained—well, grant that I am mistaken. Ah! there's the rub.

The rain verily pours! I was very sharp with Seetamma; I must assure her in the morning that I meant no unkindness.

How the wind blows! It is almost a cyclone. That text of the missionary's was strange, and the stranger thing was that I was not proof against it. I did not see his

drift at the time, but I wonder if the missionay meant rest of thought. If Christ could satisfy a man here, it would be worth while attending to His teachings. I am weak to-night! The first principles of my theory of life seem to be breaking up. I wonder if all men have periods of restlessness when they question the very principles by which they have shaped their lives."

His thoughts ran on, now on the rain and wind, no won some new aspect of the question that troubled him. The more he thought, the more distinctly he saw that he was not at rest. He had broken loose from his mental moorings and drifted helplessly about. His own questionings wearied him.

"Yes," the missionary must have meant just this, for now I remember a sentence that he repeated with peculiar emphasis, and as though he had singled me out for its application. 'Men make themselves believe they can rest in agnosticism, but it is a terrible self-deception, for a healthy mind cannot rest short of certainty.' Certainty? A large word here indeed. 'But to attain it a man must love truth.' Yet that is just what I attempt to do. 'No man, wearied with doubt, ever knocked at the gate of the temple of truth without receiving a response.' What is the kernel in this figurative shell?

How it rains! Was that a voice I heard? Surely there is no one out in such a night! There was nothing. I am getting nervous. This excitable mood is growing on me; I must shake it off. But there was a voice!"

The rain and wind came dashing against the house, making so much noise that he remained in uncertainty for some time, until to satisfy himself he finally rose and went to the door. Upon opening it he saw a little fellow not more than ten years of age, with a dripping cloth about him, standing shivering in the blast.

"My lord, your honor's Seetamma is dying at the Padre's home and they sent me to call you."

The doctor caught hold of the little fellow, asking him what he meant.

"My lord," he wailed out, as he struggled to free himself from the doctor's close grip, "your honor's Seetamma

is dying at the Padre's house, and they sent me to call you.'

"Who sent you?" asked the doctor excitedly, skaking the boy.

"I don't know, but your honor's Seetamma is dying at ———."

The doctor, letting go his hold, rushed into Seetamma's room, but not finding her he hurried into the next, his excitement rising as his fears began to gain ground. She was nowhere in the house. Unmindful of wind and rain he rushed into the street and flew towards the Padre's bungalow. In a very few minutes he reached the place, rushing in without ceremony and asking for Seetamma. But his own eyes answered him; for there upon a cot was Seetamma lying in a burning fever, tossing restlessly about, muttering strange incoherent sentences. An old woman was wringing her hands in the wildest grief, which she checked at the doctor's entrance.

His trained eye told him that his daughter was dangerously ill. Unceremoniously rummaging through the missionary's medicines, he found a specific for fever, which he applied, and then hurried back to bring his own remedies.

A few words will explain the circumstances. Seetamma, in her grief at being cast off by her father, was unconscious whither she went, but walked on until, spent with the effort of battling against the wind and rain, she sank upon a low verandah, which was that of the missionary's bungalow. The excitement and care of the previous days had greatly weakened her, while her grief made her oblivious of everything except that she could go no further. As she fell prostrate upon the verandah, she awoke the old sweeper woman who was lying there in the missionary's absence, to look after the bungalow.

Terrified, she leaped up, looking wildly about to see what it was that had waked her. Superstitious, as all ignorant people are, she trembled violently, and it was some time before she could find her voice. Gaining a little courage, she asked who it was, but no answer was vouchsafed. The young girl had fallen down half unconscious, and paid no heed to any word addressed to her. But the old woman,

on coming to her senses, saw that it was a woman. A mere touch told her that the woman was in a raging fever. Quickly unbolting the doors she managed to get Seetamma into the bungalow and upon a cot. She took off her wet robes and wrapped the sick girl in a thick cloth of her own. But she had recognized Seetamma as soon as the light from the tallow dip fell upon her face. It was her own boy, who had been lying with her upon the verandah, that she sent to call the doctor.

While he was gone she sat upon the mat rocking herself to and fro, wailing out :

"If the Padre were only here ! If he were only here !" The doctor, upon arriving, soon had out of the old woman all the particulars that she knew, after which he gave her no more attention, but turned his whole mind upon his daughter. He brought all his skill to bear upon the disease, but to his dismay he saw that she grew worse. He contested the ground inch by inch, but the utter weakness of the girl foiled his drugs and made them of no avail. As the case grew more serious, the doctor's wonderful self-control began to show itself. Crushing down all feeling, giving no place to self-upbraiding, he bent his every power upon the restoration of his child.

She had been the pride and joy of his life. He had watched her growth with peculiar delight, and as she began to manifest more than usual intellectual endowment, his pride and joy in her knew no bounds. He had attended to the veriest minutæ of her daily life, had watched over her education, had formed her mind, and had begun to think of her as a helper in his chosen work. His had been a lonely life, so that she came to fill an unusual part of it. To him she was a rare flower, for he had bent over each opening promise in her life with excessive fondness.

But affection cannot stay the course of disease. The night ran itself out ; the morning dawned—a Sabbath morning in Ellapatnam, but there was no Sabbath rest to the Ellapatnam people, for they had not learned to honor God's day. Nor was there any rest for the Hindu father, who bent over his child, watching with ever-growing pain and anxiety the fast ebbing life.

It was afternoon when Seetamma's brain cleared and she looked up wonderingly at her father. She did not remember the night's events, and did not understand what her lying there meant. But she felt very weak, and closed her eyes, too tired to think.

"Papa!" It was Seetamma's voice, but low and weak. The doctor bent down to listen.

"I don't understand papa, but I am so weak and tired! I think I am going to die. Won't you have me buried after the manner of the Christians, with the words of Jesus for my epitaph? 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

A remembrance of her trouble seemed to come back with the words, for a cloud flitted over her face, but she was too weak to pursue the thought, and sank back into unconsciousness. She spoke not another word. She woke no more to consciousness. The Hindu father found his drugs ineffective, and was made to feel that his daughter was slipping from him. He could not stay the outgoing life. The golden bowl was broken, but his hands could not gather up the fragments. His skill, which had won him Continental reputation, which had brought back many a life from the grave, was of no avail now. At last, yielding to the pitiless inevitable, he sat down by her side, clasping her hands in his own, for he could do nothing more. He knew now that he would never hear her voice again, no more see her glad, surprised look. It was the bitterness of death to him, and crushed down all the pride of his strong nature until he felt like a child. Her life had ebbed away; her hand lay cold and still, and gave back no answering response. The hours slipped by; the night came on; the Hindu father moved not, but still sat clasping his dead child's hand. The old woman became alarmed, and touched him to rouse him. He raised his head, but his face was so full of pain that she fell back again.

But he must bury his dead out of his sight, so he rose to make the preparations for the last sad rite. He found them already made, for the kind hearted official had haunted the bungalow to keep himself informed of

Seetamma's condition, and to keep others from intruding. He had anticipated everything, so that nothing remained to be done except to robe her for the coffin, and bear the burden to the last resting place. Bearers had been provided, who, as soon as all was in readiness, came in, raised the coffin gently, and moved towards the Christian burial ground.

Arrived there, the official read from the liturgy the beautiful and impressive burial service.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on Me, though he die, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die." "And I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow them." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes."

The father stood near the head of the grave, but motionless, showing no sign that he was conscious of what was taking place. Once only did he look up, at the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," but his heart was not ready yet to receive them. It was in the grave with his dead child, his only one, the lamb of his bosom, the beautiful flower that had shed a sweet fragrance over his lonely life, but now withered. To him there was no light in the valley of the shadow of death; darkness covered everything. Instinctively he felt that his child was not in the clay casket they were so carefully hiding away; she had gone, but where? Affection has a logic of its own, and was leading him whither he knew not. Love will not suffer its loved ones to die. It bridges the grave and finds them beyond.

Soon all was over, and all had turned away except the father, and the thoughtful official. His love for the beautiful Hindu girl, whom he had consigned with his own hands to the grave, and over whom he had read the Words of

Life, helped him to sympathize, in his unobtrusive way, with the father. Together they turned away, but no word was spoken, as the two in company retraced their steps to the bungalow, to await the return of the missionary, for whom the official had despatched a courier. All missed him, and longed for his coming; but he must soon return now. Yes, here was a messenger, no other than Sangasi, who entered the bungalow thoroughly wearied, and seated himself without a word.

When the official inquired about the missionary's coming, he merely shook his head. At last, unable to restrain his grief, he broke out into a wild wail. "Oh, my father, my father!" he cried again and again, beating his bosom in his sore sorrow. No words were needed. All understood that the missionary was no more. The doctor groaned aloud in his agony, for his last support seemed swept from him. The official, his eyes flooded with tears, sat down upon the mat beside the sorrow stricken Sangasi, taking his hands in his own.

Quieting him, he drew the story from the orphaned Christian. The missionary had died of cholera. He had been taken ill on Saturday and had died before night.

Sangasi's wailing brought multitudes around him, who, upon learning his sorrow, were all eagerness to sympathize and help. Every one knew the Padre, who had had a kind word for every one.

Sangasi had come in to Ellapatnam on the Friday evening of the service, which we have already mentioned, to induce the missionary to attend a Hindu festival, twenty-five miles distant. There would be thousands there and a grand opportunity to preach Christ. The missionary had gone, arriving at the festival scene somewhat late the next morning. The tent had to be pitched and things made ready for the day's work. This occupied some time, so that it was nearing nine o'clock before they began to preach. The missionary had not felt well, but he attributed it to his want of sleep and the excitement of the previous days. But by eleven he became very ill, and symptoms of the fearful disease began to appear, so that he had to cease his labor and lie down. He grew rapidly worse, his strength

sank quickly, the medicines administered produced no effect. The disease gained ground; hope of recovery soon fled; and the missionary knew that his work was at an end. His comfort was, that he had fought the good fight, that he had kept the faith, and therefore that a crown was laid up for him; but his grief was that the commission was still unfulfilled. Away from his own people, twenty-five miles from his station, attended by the devoted Sangasi, and dying on the festival ground, while fifty thousand people were offering libations and worshipping gods of wood and stone, he entreated God for the people, and prayed that others might bear to them the Word of Life which he had been unable to proclaim. With the prayer on his lips he shortly breathed out his spirit, and went to his reward.

The news spread quickly that the missionary was dying, and crowds swarmed to the tent. But when the word went out that the missionary was dead, a terrible wailing went up all over the festival ground. The sympathetic and excitable people stayed their feasting to break into a wild lamentation and weeping. In the confusion that prevailed, the magistrate of the place came forward and attended to everything needful. In an incredibly short space of time a rough box was ready, in which the missionary was laid, to be consigned to his last resting place.

With no burial ceremony except the weeping of the multitudes, the missionary was now laid to rest by the people for whom he had lived and laboured.

A small slab of wood marked the place. This has since been replaced by a splendid granite stone, on which is written in English and Telugu the Commission of Christ, and just beneath:

CLIFTON GRAHAM,
Missionary to the Telugus,
Died, in the discharge of duty,
Aged 31 years.
Samulcotta, April 3rd, 1890.

BV 2087 S75
Stilwell, J R
The unfulfilled commission

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